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AN OLD PLAYMATE.

BY M. CORNWALL.

Doest thou still remember me?
I remember thee and thine.
When the young and careless hours
All were thine and mine;
When we hid our eyes in flowers,
Laughing at the ruling powers,
Dreaming life divine.

Dreams of books, or barren learning,
Troubled not our summer sleep;
Gems (just afloat) were burning
In the heart's recesses deep;
O'er the sunny waters strolling,
Went, nor woo, nor friendship falling,
Taught us then to weep.

Life has lost its sweetest season,
Spring has shrunk to winter cold,
And for some bad earthly reason,
We (who once were young) are old.
Dimmed are all our sunshine glories,
And our thousand pleasant stories—
All are past and told!

Yet, life's thoughtful angel fleeth
Through a gentle, calmer air;
And a hand that no one seeth
Shields us from despair;
So, though autumn falls in showers,
We will trust to brighter hours,
As when we hid our eyes in flowers,
And dreamed the world was fair.

AN OPAE RING.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MEMOIRS OF LOVE,"

"MYSTERY OF A WILL," ETC.,

ETC., ETC.

CHAPTER XIV—(CONTINUED)

LORD ALPHINGTON'S grandson," Mrs. Dalton explained—"the young man who has just been proved heir to the earldom. It is quite a romantic story. Of course we shall be introduced to him when we go to stay with our friends, Sir Stephen and Lady Langley, at the Larches—they are neighbors of Lord Alphonson's. But he called to inquire about the ring."

St. Lawrence glanced quickly first at Bertha and then at Lena. Bertha had evidently heard Fancourt's name mentioned with perfect indifference. Lena cast down her eyes with a conscious look as she felt St. Lawrence's eyes bent upon her. She began to replace the working materials she had been engaged upon in the dainty little basket, as if to conceal her embarrassment.

St. Lawrence's lip curled. This slight expression of contempt she did not see; nor, if she had noticed it, would she have interpreted it aright. Her vanity would not permit her to imagine that any unengaged man she met might not become her adorer. Feeling as she did the power St. Lawrence's noble bearing and courteous manner might exert over her, in addition to the straightforward honesty that shone from his clear gray eyes, and the refinement and mental cultivation that made itself evident even in the modulation of his voice, she was balancing the question as to whether she would allow him to fall in love with her or not.

Conversation returned to indifferent topics. The long spring twilight closed in, and Mrs. Dalton rang for the lamp. St. Lawrence soon rose to go.

"I have a large picture on my case. I shall be happy to show you, if you and your daughters would think it worth while to take the trouble of visiting my studio," he said as he shook hands with Mrs. Dalton.

Mrs. Dalton did not care very much about pictures, but she was a ways glad of an excuse for going out, glad of anything for a change; she therefore graciously signified that she would be happy to pay him a visit with her elder daughter. "My younger daughter is much engaged," she added.

Bertha's countenance fell, something of the old weary look returned—and that was not lost upon St. Lawrence.

The occurrences of the evening had given him much to think of and speculate upon. He sat up late, throwing open his window, and gazing up at the strip of sky that he viewed from it permitted him to see. He might have been an astrologer seeking to read the future in the stars. While the smoke from his cigar ascended into the still night air, he pondered much that he had seen and heard.

Mingled with many anxious considerations as to his own fortunes were thoughts of those whom he had just left. There seemed to him a great discrepancy. The Daltons' house was small, but there were signs of elegant tastes not ungratified. Mrs. Dalton and the elder daughter were dressed fashionably, in a style that necessarily entailed no small outlay. The latter, too, indulged in the languid, indolent airs of a fine lady. She had ceased to charm him, in spite of her beauty. During that evening he had read her character tolerably correctly, and it certainly did not inspire him with any warm regard. How was it, he asked himself, that the younger sister was compelled to work, and to work hard, apparently? How was it there was such a marked difference in her appearance? He felt interested in her—for Douglas's sake, he told himself—and was inclined to resent in her behalf the distinction made.

"She is sweet and sympathetic, as well as animated and intelligent"—so his thoughts ran; "the other is handsome, but uninteresting—selfish and ambitious, if I mistake not. Douglas will be a fortunate man if he succeeds in winning Bertha." With a half sigh as he came to this conclusion, he closed the window and went to bed, where he tossed uneasily for some time before sleep brought forgetfulness.

Bertha had thoroughly enjoyed the evening. It was rarely she met with any one so companionable. The clever sketches, also, had been a great treat to her. She began to think that an occasional visit from Mr. St. Lawrence would add much to the few pleasures of her life.

Lena, in the solitude of her own room, shed a few bitter tears, so much had the impression that St. Lawrence had made upon her on their first meeting been deepened by further acquaintance. She was obliged to confess to herself that he was a man she could have loved, and a vista opened itself to her of another life than that she had hitherto set before her view; but she resolutely turned away. Dashing the tears from her eyes, she accused herself of folly. It never for a moment occurred to her that she might not be able to bring St. Lawrence to her feet if she chose. She took it for granted that, if she engaged herself to Fancourt, the other would be in despair. "But he cannot expect that I should think of him seriously," she said to herself. "He has nothing to offer me."

She felt inclined to rebel at fate for not having given title and wealth to the man she would have preferred—for condemning her to receive the addresses of one to whom she felt so great a repugnance as she felt to Fancourt; and then an uneasy feeling took possession of her that perhaps she was not so secure of the heir apparent as she had at first supposed. Mr. Fancourt—now the Honorable Mr. Fancourt—had called again soon after his first visit, and he had shown his admiration in what from any one but the heir to an earldom would have been an offensive manner. She however had been careful not to betray that she felt any cause of offence. But since then he had not returned. She had watched for him day after day, and evening after evening, during the last week, and he had not come. She began to feel mortified and vexed at his non-appearance.

Highly as she esteemed her own powers of fascination, she was half afraid lest some one in his own sphere might come between them—some high-born *demi-monde* to whom his eyes might have turned, and whom Lord Alphonson would more willingly accept as the bride of his grandson and heir.

This uncertainty furthered Fancourt's suit much more effectually than his presence could have done. She for the moment forgot her dislike to the man in her anxiety to clutch the future coronet. And thus St. Lawrence's image gave place to her accusatory visions of splendors to come.

CHAPTER XV.

FANCOURT'S passionate admiration for Lena had increased rather than diminished during the time of his enforced absence—she need have been under no alarm. He had fully intended to pursue his

suit, but a letter received from Julie Lemont had altered his plans, and took him out of town for several days.

During a subsequent interview with Lord Alphonson, affairs had been arranged entirely to his satisfaction. Handsome apartments were assigned him in the long-vacant house in Magnus Square; and what even he acknowledged to be a handsome income was mentioned as about to be placed at his disposal, Lord Alphonson placing a cheque for a considerable amount in his hands for present expenses. He could scarcely conceal his exultation when informed of these arrangements, and Lord Alphonson's manner towards him increased in coldness accordingly.

If Fancourt had betrayed any emotion upon assuming the name and rank of his forefathers, or had expressed any desire to stand well with the old Earl or to be guided by his wishes in any way, or had shown any anxiety to fulfil well the duties of his new station, Lord Alphonson's heart might have softened towards him—he might have forgiven much. But there was nothing of the kind: it was a self—all sordid greed.

When Lord Alphonson came to talk with him on general subjects he found him by no means ignorant, or devoid of a certain degree of cultivation; the real want was deeper. Fancourt's idea of good was expediency; of pleasure, mere sensual gratification; of wisdom, the low cunning necessary to deceive for certain ends. All else he considered mere hypocrisy; and so far was he from being conscious that he was laying bare a low, vulgar nature, that he believed he was making himself out a fine fellow, a man of the world, "with no humbug about him."

Lord Alphonson, wounded and distressed, returned to Alphonson Park—returned to feel his splendid home more lonely than ever; for now what hope could there be that the void there would ever be filled? Fancourt would marry, as a matter of course, but he had little expectation that such a step would mend matters. What girl of refined tastes and delicate habits would unite herself with the low-bred, shallow-headed, evil-minded upstart he was compelled to own as his grandson? No: there was nothing to look forward to there. Fancourt would be caught by some pretty face, most likely in a lower grade, and would be accepted—how else could he be accepted? Lord Alphonson asked himself—for the sake of his wealth and future title.

Could the desolate old man have known that Fancourt had already made his choice, he would have taken some comfort. He had not felt particularly interested in Madeline Dalton, but at any rate she was a beautiful and graceful woman, who would not disgrace her husband's name.

Lord Alphonson wandered disconsolately from room to room on the day after his return home, lingering before each memento of former and happier years. He had never suffered his wife's work table and embroidery frame to be removed from the place in which they had used to stand during her lifetime. He drew out the table drawer wherein lay her scissors and thimble just as she had last used them; a piece of canvas was still stretched upon the frame, with a rosebud just begun, the threads of pink and green hanging loose. In the dining room were portraits of his two sons in their boyhood, and of a lady he had once called daughter-in-law, with an infant on her knee. In the school room there were still small desks and well-worn books, besides bats and balls and juvenile fishing rods. Ah, how long ago it seemed since those loving faces pictured on the walls had surrounded him—since cheerful voices had made music in the old mansion—since little pattering feet had been heard on the stairs and along the wide corridors! How quickly one after another had vanished, leaving the old man alone! Of what avail were wealth and luxury to him? he thought, as he stood at the library window watching a herd of deer sweep across a glade of the park. The lodge keeper, whose rosy children peeped shyly out as he passed, in the hope of a kind word or perhaps a sixpence, was a happier man than he.

Unwilling to allow these melancholy reflections to overmaster him, he ordered his horse round, and rode over to the Larches to console his troubles and disappointments to Lady Langley's kind and sympathetic ear.

"I am truly sorry to hear what you say," said Lady Langley, when Lord Alphonson had related the circumstances of his visit to town, and the cruel disappointment that had awaited him; "but we must hope that the fall of your expectations has not led you to take too gloomy a view. Perhaps on further acquaintance you may not find your grandson so repellent to you as you now feel him to be."

"You will see him when he comes down to the Park," Lord Alphonson returned, shaking his head; "and you will find I have not exaggerated. It will be an additional grief to me and a cause of anxiety as well. I shall live in perpetual fear of some disgraceful exposure."

Lady Langley did her best to console and encourage her old friend, for whom she felt deeply. Notwithstanding her endeavor to see the matter in a more cheerful light, she trembled, knowing that Lord Alphonson was not one to judge either hastily or harshly, but that he must have had good cause for the displeasure and uneasiness he expressed.

Fancourt lost no time in establishing himself in his new quarters in Magnus Square. The first evening after taking up his abode there he remained at home, gazing over his surroundings, and hugging himself in anticipation of a brilliant future. Reclining in a luxurious lounging chair in his sitting room, he looked round at the brocaded hangings, which were of a subdued gold color, at the cabinets, and ottomans, and tables, and every possible appliance for use and ease; and the tall mirror and exquisite bronzes, and the pictures, few but choice, that hung upon the walls. Then he glanced at the bell ready to his hand; he had only to ring to summon servants prepared to fly at his bidding. Did he wish to ride? There were horses in the stable. To drive? He had only to choose his vehicle.

The London season was then nearly at its end, but by the time another season was come he would be known and received everywhere as Lord Alphonson's grandson and heir, and for a crowning bliss Madeline Dalton would be his. His heart beat fast as he fastened his imagination on the thought of her beauty, and told himself that he had nothing to do but to hold out his hand. All fears seemed for the moment to have vanished.

In this mood he retired to rest. Bed room, dressing-room, bath room, all were faultless in their appointments. There was an end to looking about the world, an end to poverty, and to schemes to raise money, and to the annoyance of duns. And why should any specious rise up to disturb his enjoyment of all these good things? What was done was done—why should he torment himself? Honor, honesty, truth—what were these but fine sounding words? Fancourt had before now tried to persuade himself that men were all alike—that no one much regarded these virtues excepting when it was convenient; and, if any were fools enough to let such highflown notions stand in their way, they deserved to lose in the game of life.

Thus trying to argue down the monitor that would make itself heard, Fancourt fell asleep, to be roused in the morning by an unpleasant visitor in the shape of a letter. After reading it, he sprang out of bed with a muttered oath, and, ringing the bell violently, he ordered breakfast to be got ready immediately, and the dog cart to be brought to the door in an hour to take him to the South-Eastern Railway station.

Fancourt was nearly a week away—an absence that prevented his calling again at Ivy Cottage. It was evening when he returned to town, and the man who appeared to take his portmanteau was not the one who had been engaged as his personal attendant, but a stranger—a rather small man, with shrewd gray eyes, and dark hair and whiskers.

"Where is James?" Fancourt asked.

"Why the deuce isn't he here when he knew I was coming home?"

"James has been suddenly called away by his father's illness, sir," replied the new man; "and Mr. Parker has desired that I should wait upon you till his return."

Fancourt anathematized James, his father, and the house steward, though he ended by saying that it signified nothing to him who waited upon him as long as he got what he wanted.

"What is your name?" he asked, in conclusion.

"John, if you please, sir."

"Have you been accustomed to wait upon gentlemen?"

"Oh yes, sir," replied the man, smiling. "I have waited upon many, and have always given satisfaction."

"That will do," returned Fancourt. "Here, take my overcoat," he continued, tossing a light colored garment towards him; "and tell Brooks that I shall dine in an hour—here."

John bowed, and withdrew to execute his new master's orders.

As time passed John proved himself invaluable. Fancourt found every article he wanted ready to his hand. Had he a letter to post or a message to send John was quick of foot and always ready. John never neglected an order, never forgot a direction, and seemed to know his engagements better than himself. If he came stumbling home at a late hour—as was not unfrequently the case—John was always in attendance to help him to bed, and appeared the following morning with the accustomed smile on his lips as if nothing noticeable had occurred.

John associated but little with the other servants, and was accounted close. He had a pleasant way with him, however, which won good will; and perhaps the character he acquired for readiness invited confidence, for he generally seemed acquainted with what was going on.

A perfect servant was John, and Fancourt congratulated himself on his good fortune in this as in other matters. He need not be afraid of making use of this intelligent, active fellow, he decided. He might do him good service in many ways than one, and he could easily make it worth his while to be trustworthy. He gave orders therefore that John was to be permanently retained, and James summarily dismissed, should the latter return with the expectation of resuming his post.

CHAPTER XVI

WEEKS passed, and August followed sunny July and sunny June. Heat and dust made the atmosphere oppressive, and a blinding sun baked the pavements and glared upon the houses. The London season was over, and all who had the means began to hurry away to the seaside, to the Rhine, to Switzerland—whithersoever their fancy led them, or their convenience allowed them to go.

The death of Douglas's old aunt—the relative from whom he had expectations—happened towards the end of July; and Douglas, contrary to the general run of human affairs, found his hopes more than realized. The old lady had been a misanthrope and a miser—no one had known anything as to the state of her finances. Rumors were afloat that she was rich but these again seemed contradicted by the poverty in which she lived. She died unmentally, and, as she left no will, Charles Douglas, her only near relative, found himself in possession of a fortune exceeding ten thousand pounds. He attended the funeral, a duty bound, but was absent only two days, and then he came back radiant. It would have been sheer hypocrisy on his part to pretend to any feelings of regret for a kinswoman he scarcely knew and one who had never made herself respected.

A pleasant intimacy had sprung up between the Dalton family and the two young artists. Finding that both the Misses Dalton had practiced sketching from nature before they came to reside in London, the young men tempted Mrs. Dalton to accompany them with her daughters in various country excursions, under pretence of giving Lena and Bertha instructions in sketching these excursions being always planned for such afternoons as Bertha chanced to be at liberty. Rowing on the river above Richmond, wandering amongst the glades of Windsor Forest, or the pleasant country scenes about Egham, Chiswell, and other places at an easy railway distance from London, free interchange of thought and feeling naturally followed; and thus it came about that Douglas's fancy for Bertha ripened into a warm attachment, and that her sweet, unspelled, truthful character revealed itself more and more fully to both her self constituted instructors.

St. Lawrence still considered Lena Dalton the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, but her faults were just those that were to him most unlovable. Perhaps the rural background in which he so often saw her was not suited to her, perhaps the struggle going on in her own mind made her increasingly petulant and disobliging; whatever it was, St. Lawrence did not find himself drawn towards her. Her smiles failed to cause any acceleration of pulse, nor did her coldness when that seized her, throw him into despondency. For Bertha, on the con-

trary, he felt the most sincere regard. "Brotherly affection," was the name he gave his feelings for her—for what else could he allow himself to entertain without turning traitor to his friend?

Fancourt was also a frequent visitor at Ivy Cottage; nor could the object of his visits be now mistaken—indeed he made no secret of his intentions though he had not as yet declared himself. It so happened that he had never met St. Lawrence and Douglas. His visits were always made in the daytime, his evenings being otherwise and too frequently less respectably employed, while St. Lawrence, at any rate, worked hard at his easel during the morning hours, and consequently had only the late afternoons and evenings at his command. Douglas openly confessed that it was Bertha who attracted him to Ivy Cottage, and Bertha was never at home excepting in the evening. Lord Alphonson and St. Lawrence received occasional communications from Mr. Riggs, the former through his solicitor, Mr. Thomson, but nothing had yet been heard of the opal ring. St. Lawrence's was a different quest, and, as regarded it, the detective still kept urging him to remain quiet and be silent.

"I believe we shall be able to unravel your affair, but the greatest caution must be used, or we may fail," wrote this functionary in the last missive St. Lawrence had received from him. St. Lawrence felt he could do nothing but wait and trust, though there were certain circumstances that made this waiting very terrible to him, and at times caused him to fear that he would be obliged for conscience sake to break through the trammels Mr. Riggs imposed upon him even at the risk of ruining his own prospects.

Douglas's accession to wealth greatly changed Mrs. Dalton's views. She had always made up her mind that Lena was to "make her fortune" by marriage; and then, with some help from her, Mrs. Dalton told herself she would be able to get on comfortably with her little income. But, in that case, what was to be done with Bertha? Of course, if Lena married a man of rank, as seemed now almost certain, her sister could not continue to teach music—such an occupation for an Earl's sister-in-law would be quite out of character.

Now the problem was solved. Douglas's falling in love with Bertha was something quite providential, Mrs. Dalton observed to Lena. She saw a match for her elder daughter would not have been entertained for a moment; but, for Bertha, a moderate income, with a man of unexceptionable appearance and manners, a man who would be quite presentable amongst his future aristocratic connections, was all that could be reasonably looked for.

Thus Mrs. Dalton settled the prospects of her two daughters quite to her satisfaction, and plumed herself upon the happy turn of events, as if it had been all her own doing. The only one quite ignorant of Douglas's intentions was Bertha herself. She had always liked him, and now that they had become intimate, was thoroughly friendly with him and at her ease to mention to Douglas some times feared. He would fain have detected some change of color when they met, some shade of embarrassment or shyness in her manner. He was far from desiring, however, Bertha at any rate took pleasure in his society, and Mrs. Dalton gave him encouragement by many little signs that he understood though not actually by words. He persuaded himself she would not have done this had there been no hope for him, so he determined to take heart of grace and press his suit.

Since Douglas had been in a position to come forward, St. Lawrence's visits to Ivy Cottage had become much more rare. He still made one in the sketching parties, but on such occasions he no longer attached himself to Mrs. Dalton and Lena leaving Douglas to devote himself to Bertha. This change was not unnoticed by Lena, who did not doubt but that at last her charms had touched his unimpressionable heart; and her own throbbing only too wildly as she whispered to herself that the only love she could have returned was here.

While St. Lawrence appeared indifferent to Lena, and while her love for him seemed even to her, to be in vain, a fierce mental conflict had been going on; she sometimes thought that she was capable of casting aside ambition, if only she could hear him say he loved her. But, now that he was again at her side, now that, blinded by vanity, she believed that she had to give only the slightest token of favor to bring him to her feet, she recoiled from surrendering the aim of her life. The prospect of rank and wealth again allured her, and she longed to be able to hold both Fancourt and St. Lawrence captive, so that while she remained to the height of her desires by the aid of one, she could keep the other in her train, and at least prevent the bestowal of his affections elsewhere.

It never entered St. Lawrence's head that Lena Dalton cared for him; he gave her no real reason to suppose that he regarded her with any warmer feeling than that of friendship; he would have been shocked and distressed could he have looked into her heart. As it was, quite ignorant that he was leading her into any misunderstanding, he corrected her sketches and strolled by her side,

and waited upon her wishes, through his thoughts were otherwise occupied; and his frequent fits of absence of mind would have revealed to any one less self-occupied than Lena that his heart was elsewhere.

Douglas had noticed that for some weeks past St. Lawrence had appeared depressed and unlike himself, and occasionally irritable. He supposed that suspense, the prolonged waiting for the bringing to light of the fraud of which he had been the victim, was undermining his friend's health and spirits. He therefore devoted himself to cheer him, and more than ever endeavored to induce him to seek change and recreation.

"I don't seem to feel it as much as I did," St. Lawrence said one day, when Douglas was exhorting him to be patient. "If it were not for the sake of justice, I could be well content to give it all up, and go abroad again, to Italy or Palestine, or anywhere out of the way. If all were set right to-morrow, I don't know what good it would do me."

"Then for what in the world are you moping like a sick cat?" Douglas exclaimed. "You seem to be in Hamlet's vein—'Man delights not me, nor women neither.' Why don't you fall in love? By Jove, you'd have no time for the sulks, if you were to set to work to try and win the heart of some sweet little woman like my Bertha. Heigh ho, I wish she were mine! I say, St. Lawrence, do you think I have a chance?"

"For Heaven's sake, Douglas, don't be hammering on that theme for ever, or you'll drive me distracted!" St. Lawrence answered, almost angrily, shading his face with his hand, as he sat by the table. "How should I know? Why don't you ask her?"

"And get a point blank 'No' for my pains," Douglas replied, ruffling up his curly hair. "It is evident you don't understand the art of war, old fellow. Did you ever hear of a fortress being taken by the enemy's going up and saying, 'Please let me have it'? Besides, where would be the fun? Think what excitement, what a world of new sensation one would lose. Where would be the marchings and counter marchings, the erecting of batteries, and directing of field guns, and all the interest of watching for the first signs of a breach? I verily believe that one of the reasons why wives occupy a higher place in the scale of society than they used to do is because they are more difficult to win. Formerly a man could buy the woman he wanted, or else run off with her; she was only just like any other possession. Now—the deuce take it!—one has to go beating about the bush for months, and then perhaps, after all, one may get the sack—and there's no help for it."

"I don't believe, Douglas, you're half in earnest, or you wouldn't talk so much," said St. Lawrence, starting up and going to his painting table, where he began to sort his brushes and colors. "Oh, am I not though?" cried Douglas, taking his hands from his rumpled hair. "Wasn't it one of the first things I did, after that dear old lady departed to the Elysian Fields, to write the name of Bertha Douglas on the blotting book where I had been drawing my first cheque just to see how it looked?"

"Pshaw!" muttered St. Lawrence, impatiently. "You are I don't take things *au grand sérieux*, as you do, old man," Douglas went on. "I haven't it in me. I haven't the remotest idea why Romeo killed himself, even if Juliet was dead, nor how Othello felt after smothering his wife. But I'll make a good husband for all that—see if I don't."

"If you don't—if you ever cause her a sigh or a tear," St. Lawrence began, hotly the color rushing to his face, but with a great sigh, as if to the depths of his heart, he checked himself. "Don't mind me," he said—"I'm out of sorts just now; I shall be all right soon. If it were not for Riggs, as I said before, I'd go away for a time—the farther the better. But let us talk about something else. What will you have Claret's the coolest?"

"Claret, by all means," Douglas replied. "I intend to forego whisky, and pipes, and all that sort of thing, and to go in for tea and buttered muffins. The fellow at the 'Shakspeare Head' will lose one of the chief ornaments of their society, and will have the more to regret when it remains ungraced by the presence of Eustace St. Lawrence, Esq."

"I have no taste that way; I suppose I was not to the manner born. Moreover, I'm but a morose sort of fellow, better left to myself. I shall miss you, nevertheless, Douglas, when you settle down," said St. Lawrence.

"Miss me? Why, you know there will always be a knife and fork for you, old man!" Douglas exclaimed. "I don't know why Bertha should have been a little shy with you lately, but she did like you, I am sure."

St. Lawrence went to the window, and with a jerk threw it up as high as it would go. "It's awfully hot," he said—"I think there's going to be a storm."

"I'm glad of it," Douglas returned, looking up at the gathering clouds—"it will clear the air."

CHAPTER XVII

THE same sort of depression under which St. Lawrence was suffering affected Bertha Dalton; she lost her appetite, and the faint wild-rose bloom faded from her cheeks, excepting when some transient emotion sent the warm blood flying to her face. Her employments became distasteful to her, and she felt most truly thankful when her mother expressed a wish that she should decline taking any more pupils after the holidays. She felt her strength giving way; her old pursuits and amusements lost their charm; she wandered about the garden instead of working in it, and listlessly turned over the pages of the books she attempted to read finding no interest except in her favorite poets. When she sang, she chose pathetic songs, but often, before they were ended, her voice faltered, and she broke off abruptly.

Her mother and sister did not notice her mood—they were too much wrapped up in their own concerns. Lena—perhaps in some degree influenced by the pictures of splendor and gaiety her mother was always holding up before her eyes—had succeeded, as she believed, in crushing all the more tender feelings out of her heart, and had definitely made up her mind to accept Fancourt. This being the case, she began to think it was time she came to the point. She wished to have her fate settled beyond recall. She too was restless and unhappy, and longed to have within her grasp the prize that was costing her so much. She was so fool and, even if she had been fancy free could not have closed her eyes to the defects of the man she had determined to marry. Bertha openly expressed her dislike of the Honorable Mr. Fancourt, much to Mrs. Dalton's displeasure, and Lena could not but acknowledge to herself that, if he had proposed himself to her under any other aspect than as heir to a peerage, he would have been intolerable. But the coronet dazzled her eyes, and she persuaded herself that in the rank to which such a marriage would raise her she need not see much of her husband. The world, in the gay scenes of which she intended to take her full share, would come between them, and while he went his way she would go hers, letting him know that she was to consider it enough if she did the honors of his house gracefully and well.

She was also desirous that a positive engagement should take place before Bertha, her mother, and herself went on their autumn visit to the Larches. It would be a good opportunity for her to be introduced to Lord Alphonson as his grandson's promised bride. Of his consent to the marriage she felt assured. She believed him to be too simple in his habits, too unambitious, not to be satisfied as long as his grandson made choice of a lady; and, as Lena surveyed her beautiful face and graceful face in the mirror, she knew there could be no question on that score.

The morning was bright and beautiful after the heavy storm of the night before; the sun had not yet had power to dry up the raindrops that still sparkled in the crevices of the flowers; the air was full of sweet scents, and the birds rejoiced as if in a second spring.

"He will come to day," said Lena, as, attired in an elegant morning costume, she sat down in her favorite place near the window, and took up a book under pretence of employment.

"Then, my love, I shall make some excuse to go out," announced the prudent mother; "and pray do not be so cool in your manner to him as you are sometimes. I believe he would have proposed before this if you had not seemed to hold him so at arm's length."

"Thanks, mamma," Lena languidly returned. "I know what I am about, never fear. Mr. Fancourt is not bashful, I assure you. It is quite necessary he should be made to feel that he is in the presence of a different sort of woman from those I imagine he has been accustomed to."

"I dare say you are right, my recious one," Mrs. Dalton admitted. "But you cannot blame me if I am anxious to see you so admirably settled—beyond even my hopes for you."

Lena's lovely face assumed an expression of disdain. She had sufficient consciousness of what was good and noble to feel contempt for her mother's sordid axioms, when she heard them enunciated, even while she smiled upon them. This consciousness had grown upon her unawares during her intimacy with St. Lawrence; and even now, as she sat looking out into the sunny garden, a keen pang shot through her as she thought how he would despise her could he read her heart. Little she knew that he had read her through and through—that early in their acquaintance he had tried her in the balance and found her wanting, and that not all her beauty, all her wiles, had power to make him alter his judgment once set on its title.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

Give up money, give up fame, give up science, give up the earth itself, and all that it contains, rather than do an immoral act. Whenever you are to do a thing, though it never be known but to you, ask yourself how you would act were all the world looking at you, and act accordingly.

Important Notice!

As many of our subscribers have not yet taken advantage of our New Premium Offers, and yet evince a desire to do so, we have decided to **EXTEND THE TIME TO JULY 1st.**

Our New Premiums.

THE DIAMANT BRILLIANTS positively cost more money than any premium ever offered by anybody. We guarantee them to be set in solid gold, and if not precisely as represented in every particular, return them, and we will refund the amount of your remittance promptly. Diamant Brilliants are mounted, set, wear and look like genuine diamonds worth \$100 or more. The best judges fail to detect the imitation; they are produced chemically; they are imported for us, and mounted to our order; they are worn in the best society, and they are the only perfect substitutes for real diamonds ever produced.

More Recipients Heard From.

Wrentham, Mass., May 9, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Received the ring and papers in due time. Am very much pleased with both. Please accept thanks.
Mrs. J. M. A.

Broadsville, Ala., May 9, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received my ring and papers promptly. The ring is much prettier than I expected. I was happily disappointed.
Mrs. W. H.

Trouton, Mo., May 10, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Received the premium ring. Am pleased with it. It is all you represented it to be and far exceeds my expectations. Accept thanks.
E. H.

Greensboro, Ala., May 11, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I am very much pleased with the ring you sent me. It exceeds my expectations. You have my thanks for your splendid paper and premium.
R. H. K.

Denver, Col., May 11, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I have this day received the earrings and am well pleased with them. I do not see how you can afford such valuable premiums. They look as well as genuine diamonds and are perfect little gems.
Mrs. W. W. B.

Croton Landing, N. Y., May 9, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your beautiful gift a Diamant Brilliants and I received in splendid condition. It is really a jewel if ever there was one, and is well worth what I paid for my year's subscription. It is all you represented it to be.
W. F.

Pelham City, Mo., May 15, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Premium earrings are at hand and am very much pleased with them. Please accept my thanks for the way of a premium. Your paper is excellent.
Mrs. E. F. L.

Worthington, Ind., May 14, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—Your premium earrings received in due time. Am well pleased with them. I like them better than I thought they would be. The Post speaks for itself. It is an old friend of mine—I think the first paper I ever read. Don't intend to try to do without it.
Mrs. T. H. N.

Free Spring, Ala., May 15, 1881.
Dear Sir:—I received my ring and am very much pleased with it. I think it real nice. I like your paper so much.
O. M.

Pawtucket, R. I., May 15, 1881.
Editors Post:—The ring I received all right and much exceed my expectations. Many thanks for your beautiful present.
E. M. K.

Holton, Mich., May 15, 1881.
Gentlemen:—I received premium. I am very much pleased with it. I also think the paper splendid.
F. H.

Newport, R. I., May 15, 1881.
Editors Post:—Your premium earrings were received to-day all right and am well pleased. Many thanks to you. I have been taking your paper since 1865, and think I cannot give it up.
Mrs. S. M. M. S.

Black Hawk, Cal., May 7, 1881.
Gentlemen:—The paper and premium duly received and both satisfactory. The premium fully up to representation, and better than expected.
J. M. E.

Leavenworth, Ky., May 12, 1881.
Gents:—Your premium earrings have been duly received and I find them all they have been represented. They look like real diamonds. I like your paper very much.
L. P. C.

Pulaski, Tenn., May 10, 1881.
Gentlemen:—I received the ring in good condition. I can say enough for the Post and premium. I have taken at least one dozen papers with and without premiums that cost from one to three dollars per annum; and you have the best paper and the nicest premiums for the least money of any of them. I like two others beside the Post, one cost one dollar, the other cost three. I got no premium with the three dollar paper, and yours is far ahead of any of them.
Mrs. E. J. N.

Big Rapids, Mich., May 15, 1881.
Editors of Saturday Evening Post:—I received the premium in due time. I am very much pleased with the ring, earrings, and studs. I think they are beautiful. Please accept my thanks. I think the premium worth more than the money, aside from the paper, and would not be without the paper.
Mrs. E. L. T.

Independence, N. Y., May 8, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received the ring and papers in due time and am very happy to say that the ring gives perfect satisfaction. I think the Diamant Brilliants are all it is represented to be.
Miss E. M. A.

Evansville, Ind., May 8, 1881.
Sir:—Received premium ring and am very well pleased with it.
J. M.

Independence, Miss., May 10, 1881.
Editors Saturday Evening Post:—I received my premium ring. Am perfectly delighted. It is simply splendid. How you can give such a paper and such a premium, at such a price is more than I can see.
Mrs. M. A. H.

Arden, N. J., May 25, 1881.
Editors Post:—I received your handsome premium on the 8th. I was more than pleased with it. They are a great deal better than I expected they would be. I thank you kindly for your valuable present and hope your paper will continue with great success.
Mrs. G. C. D.

With such inducements, such a paper, such premiums, at such a low price, we hope to receive a renewal from every subscriber on our books. Address, THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, 725 BROADWAY STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The New Doctor.

BY BOSE KINGSLEY.

I THINK I will try the new doctor." Esther Warren spoke in a faint half-pleading tone, as if she expected to meet a storm of objections, but somewhat to her surprise, her aunt Martha said:

"I would if I were you."
"Dr. Wyck, it would seem, has tried his utmost skill for the last five years," sighed Esther, wearily, "and I get no better. It may be Dr. Dun will know of some new remedy."

"I will write to Dr. Dun now," said Miss Martha. "I will see Robert Larnum up to drive to the town."

It was a very brief note, merely requesting Dr. Dun to call upon Miss Warren at his earliest convenience, yet Miss Martha's pen traveled very slowly over the paper, and she kept her head to one side, lest a tear-drop should mar the neat letters.

Five years before there had been no brighter, stronger maiden in all Millville than Esther Warren, only child of Bates Warren, who had made an enormous fortune in iron, and held Esther as the choicest of all this earth's treasures.

At eighteen, her father was killed and she seriously crippled in a railway collision.

Her hands and arms were strong as ever, her brain clear, but her lower limbs were utterly without power.

Heirs to immense wealth she was almost a prisoner in her splendid home, subject to attacks of pain that prostrated her for days, suffering intensely.

Books, needlework and a feeble attempt at drawing helped to fill the time; but it was not easy to be patient, and Esther was not yet perfectly saint-like, although she tried to be submissive.

Dr. Dun's practice was small, and much of his time at his own control, but he was an enthusiast in his profession, and gladly took much of the old doctor's gratuitous practice off his hands.

He had come to Millville as Dr. Wyck's assistant, to take his place when he retired, but the patients of the old doctor were a little shy of the new one.

"Ah—yes!" said Dr. Wyck, reading Miss Martha's note. "Little Essie Warren! Sad case," and the doctor entered into a long description of the case, summing up in a few words, "Utterly hopeless! She may live for years, but she will never walk or stand."

It seemed to Herbert Dun when he entered the beautiful room where Esther Warren spent her long waking hours, that life even with pain, must be pleasant surrounded by such luxury, and the rare exquisite beauty of Esther's face pale, it is true, but delicately lovely, was a jewel worthy of exquisite setting.

There was a little flush upon the invalid's cheeks as the new doctor took a chair beside her, a light of hope in her large eyes that made his heart ache.

It was not long before Esther Warren under the grave, professional manner, felt the power of this sympathy, and found herself expressing more freely than she had ever before spoken the hope that filled her heart, fully satisfied when Dr. Dun said:

"In a case of such long standing I cannot express an opinion at once, Miss Warren; but depend on me to give my most earnest study and care to it."

But if Dr. Dun could not restore strength to Esther Warren's crippled body it was not long before she felt her life flooded with a new strange happiness.

The hour that the new doctor spent with her every morning gladdened the whole day.

He was not a conceited man, and Essie seemed to him like a child, so that he was blind to the fact that he was gaining the heart of the crippled heiress.

So when Martha invited him to spend some chance evenings there he went.

Essie was to him a patient; one who called on his professional skill frequently to care the most agonising suffering; and if he could also make some of her long lonely hours any brighter he gladly contributed his liveliest talk, his best tenor songs, his most courteous manner to the service.

But he never thought she loved him until Dr. Wyck answered his application for a month's holiday.

"Spare you? Way, yes I suppose I can get along. But I am afraid I have made a muddle of sending you to Esther Warren. Why didn't you tell me that you were engaged?"

"I waited until I could offer Annie a home."

"You—you couldn't break your engagement, I suppose. You know you could have Esther Warren and her fortune for aaking."

"I never thought of such a thing." "Perhaps you had better consider it. Now do not imagine that Essie has taken me into her confidence."

"She is as maidenly and modest as the most fastidious lover could wish," continued the old doctor; "but I have known her and loved her since she was a baby, and I can read her heart. Poor child."

His sigh was echoed by Dr. Dun.

"Will you believe me if I tell you that I

never dreamed of this!" he said, earnestly. "Miss Warren seemed to me set apart by her suffering from earthly passions, and I should have as soon thought of loving a saint."

"She is very rich."
"Yes, I am glad she has every alleviation money can give her," said Dr. Dun, not appreciating the implied hint.

"And Miss Leigh—is she wealthy?"

"My Annie! Bless you, no! But we are not afraid. I shall continue to live here for a few months, because Annie will select and furnish a house so much better than I can; but it will be the tiniest cottage."

"Well, you can go," said the old doctor, "and take my best wishes for your happiness."

But he said it in a dull, heavy tone, and his face was very grave when he called upon Esther.

"You must take me back for a month," he said, as cheerfully as if his heart was not like lead in his bosom. "My assistant has gone away."

Then he looked at Esther's fernery as if his whole soul was absorbed in ferns, and added:

"He has gone home to be married. It is quite romantic. A long engagement, with the wedding postponed by poverty on both sides."

He heard a quick, gasping breath, but did not turn his head, as he continued:

"What luck you have with your ferns. My maidens will never grow as yours does. Mrs. Wyck says that raising flowers or ferns is a gift. She does not succeed as you do," and so on, and so on, until a clear voice, low, sweet and perfectly quiet, interrupted—

"Dr. Wyck, please come and sit here and tell me about Dr. Dun."

He told her all he knew.

"I feel very grateful to the doctor," Essie said, "for he has been more than kind, and I should like to make his wife a wedding present. I hope we shall be friends."

"I hope so," the doctor said.

He left her soon after, stopping in the hall to mutter:

"I had rather face the worst surgical operation I ever performed than repeat that."

But Essie made no moan. When Martha could only guess her pain, and before the new doctor returned to Millville his patient was her sweet placid self again.

But at the station Dr. Dun and his happy wife found Robert, the coachman, waiting with a carriage.

"Miss Esther's compliments, doctor," he said, "and will you allow me to drive you home?"

It was bewildering to be driven to the prettiest of cottages, which was brilliantly lighted.

A little maid-servant opened the door, and ushered the way to a drawing room daintily furnished, where a note was laid conspicuously upon the table.

"It was directed to 'Mrs. Herbert Dun,'" and begged the acceptance of cottage and contents from the doctor's grateful patient, Esther Warren.

"Ours!" the bride cried. "This pretty home is ours!"

And a happy home it proved as well as a pretty one.

Martha had made it as attractive and complete as possible, every room handsomely furnished, and many trifles of Essie's own work adding to its beauty, and the doctor accepted it with a most earnest resolution to pay her for it if skill and kindness could ever do so.

There was no more welcome visitor in the beautiful home of the crippled heiress than Annie Dun and if the children of the pretty cottage ever have a grievance, they are sure of sympathy and comfort from Essie, who stands in the place of a guardian angel in their hearts.

But there has never come to Essie any dream of love since she took Herbert Dun and his wife into the place of beloved brother and sister.

COURTESY.—The influence of many good people is undoubtedly much diminished by their want of that courtesy which has been well called "envelloping in small things; however, good manners, self-control, gentle speech, ready admiration must be, in their best sense, not a mere surface polish, but an index of general feeling, of unselfishness, and consideration for others; they are the offspring as well as the source of good will, since the whole nature must grow softer and sweeter from the constant practice of small self-sacrifices for the good of others and in proportion as each individual succeeds, not in smothering candor, but in clothing it with the soft robes of kindness and courtesy, will he, while himself approaching the highest ideal of human goodness, develop in others unsuspected depths of wisdom, gentleness, and love.

M. B.

In Paris false ears are a new manufacture for the toilet. Ladies who think they have ugly ears place these decidedly artistic productions under luxuriant tresses of false hair, fasten them to the natural ears, and wear them for show.

BRIO-LE-BRAG.

A QUAIN TITLE.—A book was published in England during the protectorate of Cromwell, with the following title: "Eggs of Charity, laid by the Obliqueness of the Covenant, and boiled by the waters of Divine Grace; take ye and eat."

RUDE CURIOUS.—Some of the Asiatic tribes have a most curious way of curing wounds. They sew the wounded man in the skin of a bullock fresh stripped of the animal, leaving only his head out; and they leave him in it until the skin begins to putrefy. They say this never fails to cure the most desperate spear or sabre wounds.

A SMART FROG.—An old traveler says: There is a green frog at Kooristan which climbs trees, and catches flies and locusts like a cat, by striking out with its fore paw. I have often seen it perform this feat. It is in every respect like the common frog, but it is of apple green color, and smooth skin. I have seen them roosting in bushes at night.

THE SAVIOUR.—In the year 1656 James Nayler, of England, personated the Saviour, during the reign of Oliver Cromwell. He was tried for blasphemy, and sentenced by the House of Commons, to be scourged, and his tongue pierced with a hot iron. In 1591 another man proclaimed himself to be the Saviour, and was executed for blasphemy.

THE VALUE OF A SYLLABLE.—The writers of olden times, at Athens, and afterwards at Oxford, England, were called Sophists, and the scholars Sophists; but the masters taking it in scorn that the scholars should have a larger name than they, called themselves Philosophi or Philosophers—that is, lovers of science, and so got the advantage of the scholars by one syllable.

THE WILL OF HEAVEN.—It is no uncommon practice of some of the native dignitaries in India when they contemplate any serious undertaking to direct two pieces of paper to be placed on the sacred volume of the country. On the one is written a wish, and on the other the reverse. A little boy is then brought in, and told to bring in one of the slips and whichever it may happen to be, the mogul is as satisfied as if it were a voice from heaven.

CURIOUS MARRIAGE CUSTOM.—The old Russian custom of the bride on the evening of the wedding day, taking off her husband's boot, in pledge of obedience, is still retained in some parts of the country, as also that of the husband depositing in one boot a sum of money, and in the other a small whip. If the young wife happens to hit first upon that containing the money, she keeps it—if not, her husband gives her two or three light cuts with the whip.—Hence, no doubt has arisen the universal opinion abroad, that the low born Russian makes known his love for his wife by the application of chastisement.

TWIN SISTERS.—It is related of two women who recently died in the same week in Scotland that they were twins—born within a few minutes of one another. As they grew up they were so much alike, that it required an intimate acquaintance to be able to distinguish them. If one of them happened to be indisposed, the other was sure to be soon afflicted in the same way. On the same night, and in company with two young men, whom they afterwards married. They were married at the time, standing up together; and within a few days of each other became the happy mothers of two fine boys.

STRANITERS.—These were inhabitants of Sybaris, a town in Italy strong and wealthy; blessed with all the goods of fortune, and so skilled in the arts of luxury and ease, that their very horses were taught to move and form themselves as the music directed. Their constant enemies, the people of Crotona, observing this, brought a great number of harps and pipes into the field, and when the battle began, the music played, upon which these well-bred horses began to dance, which so disconcerted the whole army that 800,000 were killed and the whole people destroyed. Though this story seems a little fabulous, yet it contains, at least a very good moral.

THE HAGLE'S HOWLS.—The old castle of Lahaydroc was recently burned in Cornwall. With it was associated a curious relic of an old belief. There was one room known as Tregagle's, and said to have been occupied by an unjust steward of that name, whose avarice made him sell his soul to the devil in return for immense possessions. The story goes that at the expiration of their compact the house that he had built with his ill-gotten gains was swallowed up in the waters of Desmare Pool, a lonely mere lying some miles to the northward, amid bleak and desolate moors. It is firmly believed by the peasantry about that Tregagle is still to be heard howling on winter nights as the devil chases him with his hounds across the moors to Rock Hermitage, where he finds a temporary sanctuary. But he has to return the next day to Desmare to resume his never-ending task of emptying the pool with a limpet shell, twisting ropes of the sand around its margin, and making up endless steward's accounts which can never be brought to balance property.

THE EVENING STAR.

BY JASPER.

When day is done, and the glowing sun,
Beyond the mountains far,
In the distant west has sunk to rest,
Then beams the evening star.

Ere its comrades fair in their beauty dare
Come forth in each shining car,
A pale light gleams over hills and streams
From the beauteous evening star.

And when their ranks in bright phalanx
Have gathered near and far,
On a plane, fair is the brightest there—
'Tis the radiant evening star.

But while earth is bright with the soft starlight,
It moves on its pathway far,
Amid western shades, until slowly fades
The glowing evening star.

O, to be through life, with its care and strife,
Above its puny war,
And a soft light shed o'er its weary head,
Like the placid evening star.

To shine most bright in the waning light,
With a lustre soft and far,
Until all draw near with their torches clear—
Then fade, like the evening star.

Jones' Folly.

BY J. F. CAMPBELL.

JONES was one of those fellows whom everybody liked and laughed at.

There was so much about him that was good, genial, and true-hearted to attract attention; so much thoroughly inoffensive self-conceit to provoke mirth.

In his young days, Jones had been in love.

Truly love is not born of beauty, but beauty of love.

Jones worshipped his clay goddess, and could never discover she was other than the finest marble.

Above all, when Death claimed her, he said, "she was too good for earth;" and while professing to have buried his heart with her, worshipped all the living sex for the sake of that one dead girl.

This sorrow befel Jones fully seven years before then, I am going to tell about, and as he was little more than twenty-one when he lost his lady love, it had become a sort of sentimental pleasure to talk about her, and of the utter impossibility of such a flame being again kindled in his bosom.

Now Jones was very proud of that bit of romance, though he spoke of the bygone time as the period when he "made a fool of himself."

He professed to have outgrown "all that sort of thing now."

Being myself in the state so unpleasantly described by Jones—in love—and looking forward to matrimony as the perfection of earthly bliss, I naturally felt very indignant at his mode of attitude to it.

Of course, in the first place, I was perfectly aware that I never made a fool of myself in the matter of my lady love as he did about his.

But I was no less fully resolved on vengeance; and I am going to relate in what manner I accomplished my purpose.

After pondering deeply on the ways and means of my power, I introduced Jones to my cousin, Julia Thornhill, who, with her widowed mother, had recently come to reside in a pretty cottage near the spot in which we two bachelors pursued the tolerably eventful tenor of our way.

A tight, sturdy, independent spirited little person was Cousin Julia.

Not despising accomplishments, of which she had more than an average share, but resolutely persisting in doing a woman's homely domestic duties, without thinking it needful to offer an apology if found so occupied.

Jones, whose notions of females in general were rather too ethereal, inasmuch as he cherished the idea that their fingers were made for only dainty employments received his first lesson on the dignity of labor from Cousin Julia.

He even learned that the simplest and homeliest of household duties might be performed by the same hands which charmed sweet sounds out of the piano, and not a grace diminished even in his fastidious opinion by the knowledge that they were put to such varied uses.

But I knew another secret, which I did not communicate to Jones, for reasons which will be seen hereafter.

Julia was engaged.

My Aunt Thornhill had told me so a couple of years before; but with such strict injunctions not to mention it again, even to her daughter, who had forbidden its being talked of, that I, quite sufficiently occupied with my own love affairs, had never inquired, especially as my aunt said it was likely to be some time before it was brought to a termination.

Being pretty fully occupied elsewhere, I could not exactly note the progress of the acquaintance between Jones and my fair cousin.

I was a little surprised, however to find

that within two months after his first introduction, Jones spent three evenings out of six at my aunt's cottage, without appearing to consider it at all derogatory to his dignity to visit persons who made no pretensions "to family."

The queerest part of it was that Jones and Julia never met by any chance without squabbling; for the latter seemed resolved to unsettle all his favorite theories; especially about ladies.

Then, when Jones professed to yield to her womanhood what he would have denied to the sterner sex, Julia as determinedly refused all quarter, and contested every hair's breadth with him.

I had given Julia sundry hints, and we had one serious conversation about Jones, when I was quite delighted to find how completely her opinion of him coincided with mine.

It was after one of their usual squabbles, and the young woman was highly indignant at my friend for the manner in which he thought fit to speak of her sex.

"He talks of us," said she, "as though there was a general conspiracy to entrap him into matrimony. And for him to boast forsooth of being a determined bachelor! Then the creature goes on 'taking all possible possible pains to make the old ladies consider him a paragon. I know mamma does. She says he just reminds her of the days when she was a girl, for in those days the men were respectful to all ladies, and thought it a pleasure and honor to wait upon them. And what do you think she said besides?"

Here the point on my bonnie cousin's face relaxed into the broadest of smiles.

"What, Julia?" I asked.

"Why, she believes that if her boy had lived he would have been much like Mr. Jones."

I burst into an immoderate fit of laughter, in which Julia as heartily joined.

To explain this it is necessary to say that the young gentleman alluded to, my Aunt Thornhill's boy, died at the mature age of three weeks, and had been noted, during that brief existence only for his diminutive size.

The value of the intended compliment to Jones may therefore be pretty clearly appreciated.

"But what provokes me the most," continued Julia, "is that abominable speech—I shall never make a fool of myself again," and she mimicked Jones's rendering of his favorite phrase so perfectly, that, despite my devotion elsewhere, I was impelled to salute her on the spot.

"I should like to see him sighing at your feet, Julia," said I.

"And so should I," replied my cousin; and didn't her eyes flash as she spoke!

I had said quite enough. There was no use adding fuel to flame.

And Jones kept on getting, as I could see, more and more in love.

I well remember the eventful day. It was a bright morning, and Jones's eyes sparkled as he caught a glimpse of Julia in the garden, whither he followed her. I felt that the decisive moment had arrived, and that he had gone to declare his love.

Julia entered the little summer house.

Jones sauntered towards it, and after a brief pause entered also.

But I was not contented to know that his offered hand would be scornfully rejected.

I was resolved to witness that rejection. I would see him emerge from the spot covered with confusion; and he should know that I knew that he had not only "made a fool of himself," but was an unsuccessful donkey in the bargain.

I therefore stole quietly down the walk.

I approached the arbor.

I saw, without being seen—what!

Julia's head resting coisly on Jones's shoulder, the bit of her cheek that I could discern of the rosiest hue; while he, evidently in the seventh heaven, was kissing the cheeks, lips, forehead—in short, any part of the bonnie face that came handy, the young woman remaining quite passive during the operation.

I never was so bothered at the sight of anything.

Surely this was not what could be considered proper conduct, even in an adopted brother, with all the privileges of a real one and I felt thoroughly disgusted at such conduct in an engaged young person.

So I stalked off to my aunt, and told her what I had witnessed, with many expressions of regret for having introduced Jones to her and her daughter.

"Well, I don't really see any cause for regret, my dear," said my aunt very quietly. "Mr. Jones is a very nice young man, and has always appeared very respectful to me."

"But aunt," said I, "Julia cannot marry two gentlemen at once; so what is to be done with that city bean of hers?"

"What do you mean?" said she. "Who ever said that my dear child had a bean in the city, or that she wanted to marry two gentlemen at once? I am sure that Julia would never have any bean without telling me; for a more dutiful or prudent girl never breathed. I am ashamed of you, Charles," added my aunt, and forthwith melted into tears at the bare idea of such accusations against her darling.

"And do you mean to say that you never

told me that Julia had entered into an engagement with some gentleman in the city?" said I; "and that it was likely to prove a very advantageous one?"

"To be sure I did," she replied; "but what had that to do with matrimony?"

"Why, aunt," said I, "I always considered my engagement would end in that. You may have different notions; but if I had been jilted so shamefully—"

Here I was interrupted by a hearty burst of laughter from my aunt, who said, as soon as she could speak:

"You stupid young fellow, you are so full of your own matrimonial project that you think the word 'engaged' can allude to nothing else."

I shall not give my worthy aunt's somewhat proxy explanation, but the fact is, there had been a misunderstanding.

The engagement alluded to was one which Julia had entered into to write a series of articles and tales for a popular magazine.

By this labor, which had been well-performed and fairly remunerated, Julia had for some time provided, it is not the bread for my aunt's house, certainly all the other ceteras which may be classed as the butter, beside laying by some thing for a rainy day.

Being truly modest, and a little sensitive within, she had always insisted on concealing everything connected with her literary labors, from all but her mother.

The old lady, who considered her as a sort of Orichon in petticoats, was determined somehow else should know what a bright light Julia persisted in hiding under a bushel, and there intended to make me her confidant.

But some interruption left her tale unfinished, and me under the erroneous impression which led to the mortifying termination of my revengeful plans.

The moral of my story was plain. If you entertain anything like malice towards a good looking, good-hearted young man, of respectable family, and marriageable income, albeit he may be a trifle conceited, given to boasting, and possess carottery whiskers, do not use a pretty cousin as a cat's paw.

From my own personal experience I can predict disappointment; though Jones did nullify his oft-repeated boast, that no one would ever again "see him make a fool of himself."

He has been as proud as a peacock ever since Julia promised to become Mrs. Jones, and declared she considered John "the most manly, and altogether the most agreeable sounding Christian name in the world, though some people might be foolish enough to think it common."

How absurdly blind love does make some young persons!

We shall be having another generation of Jones by and by. Another branch added to the family-tree, of which my friend is so proud, and which already spreads over the length and breadth of the land.

LIPS—Lips owe their extremely red color to the thinness of the covering membrane, and their sensitiveness to an abundance of minute nervous fibres. In a strong face the upper lip should extend beyond and dominate the lower. Fleshly lips are oftener found associated with a voluptuous, and thin ones with a passionate nature. Lips are delicious things—blessings of many agreeable commitments, such as smiles, sweet words, and kisses. There is something soothing and delightful in the recollection of a pure minded woman's kiss; it is the oasis in the desert of a worldly man's life, to which his feelings turn for refreshment when wearied with the unvalued passions of this work-a-day world. Lips are emotion's dwelling place and passion's—their breathing gives vitality to affections of all sorts: a friend's, a parent's, a sister's, a brother's, a lover's. Lips that that smile are gems.

A sudden liking for the study of natural history has evidently animated the providers of gentlemen's furnishing goods this season. Taking advantage of the attractions offered in the shop windows, a young gentleman may adorn himself with a calico shirt profusely sprinkled with cockroaches, a necktie with insane swine rushing violently over it, a cane with a chicken escaping from its shell for a handle, and a general assortment of beasts of the field, birds of the air, and creeping things upon handkerchiefs, scarf-pieces, and sleeve-buttons, with which decorations he will appear more like an advance circus-agent than a resident of a commonplace community.

A worthy citizen, passing along a quiet street the other evening, was brought to a halt by loud cries, evidently of distress, which proceeded from an upper story in the house near him. Oa, Henry! Henry! quick! the baby! were the ejaculations, wildly uttered by a female voice, which startled the night. The citizen is a man of generous impulses, and is never found wanting in a case of distress. To open the front door, which luckily was unfastened, and to fly upstairs was the work of a moment, when he found that the baby—the pride of the family, the pledge of conjugal love, the innocent bud of promise—had cut a tooth!

THE SENSE OF SMELL.

AN old author speaks of a monk at Prague, who, when any thing was given him, distinguished, by smelling, its qualities, and to whom it belonged, with as much certainty as the best-scented dog. There is also on record an individual who could distinguish his own watch, from smelling, from that of other individuals, and could very readily detect with which hand any person opened the door of a room, by the smell left on it from the brass handle.

It was said of the above monk, that he could accurately distinguish, by this means, the virtuous from the vicious, and particularly the unchaste. He was much devoted to the study of natural philosophy; and, among other things, he had undertaken to instruct mankind, with precepts, on the sense of smelling, like those we have on optics and acoustics, by distributing, into certain classes, a great number of smells, to all of which he had given names; but an untimely death cut him off in the midst of these curious researches.

The guides who accompany travellers in the route from Smyrna or Aleppo to Babylon have no signs in their coat of the desert to know the places they are in; yet they distinguish with certainty, even at midnight at what distance they are from Babylon, by only smelling the sand. Perhaps they judge of the distance by the odor exhaled by the small plants or roots intermixed with the sand.

Physicians, in visiting the sick, even before they have seen them, frequently form opinions from certain prognostics, such as the cadaverous smell that often betrays itself on entering the chambers of the afflicted.

It has long been supposed that dogs can foretell the death of a sick person, which they do by long continued howling. An anonymous author says, "In this respect, dogs are more sagacious than men, being attracted by the smell of death, and often seeming, before the patient has expired, to demand their prey by a continued howling. A lady of my acquaintance had a favorite monkey, and the monkey, in return for the kindness of his mistress, was so devotedly attached to her, that he would scarcely ever be induced to leave her. But his nice smell in distinguishing the approach of contagion was very remarkable. The measles became epidemic in the country; the lady fell sick of them; and, what is very remarkable, she was abandoned by her favorite monkey some days before there was any indication of her approaching illness. From all the circumstances, there could be little doubt but he had a fore knowledge of this event from smell. No sooner, however, did she recover, than the monkey returned with the same fondness and familiarity which he used to manifest towards her before her malady. Some time afterwards, this lady had a slight fever, but without any appearance of malignity, and, what is curious, the monkey continued with her as a constant companion.

The pleasure which different individuals experience from various odors, often depends on an acquired taste; and we find this in a greater or lesser degree national. The Turks, Persians, and Arabians delight in the effluvia of opium, which to European taste is most disgusting. The natives of continental Europe, whether male or female, have long had a fondness for tobacco smoke, which, comparatively speaking, is yet but little relished here by either sex.

Some persons are delighted with the smell of a rose, while others cannot endure it. An instance is recorded of a person who fainted whenever subjected to the smell of celery, and another who took a headache whenever she sat near a pine-apple at table. Some savage nations experience high gratification at the smell of meat, which Europeans consider the most nauseous smell in nature.

To GIRLS.—Don't seek advice in love-affairs from an old maid who has been crossed in love, a taylor who has been jilted, a woman who married her husband's pocket-book, or a man who happens to be henpecked. Don't confide in your girl friends; to keep a secret in a love affair would kill them. Don't consult your minister, he'll have the marriage fee in view. If you go to your family physician, he will say your liver is affected in place of your heart. If you must get instructions from somebody, why not ask your mother how she used to manage things with your father? True love didn't run any smoother in old times than it does to-day, her advice will be best for many reasons. M. B.

A Rochester shoe-cutter who had his hand caught in some machinery placed a cobweb over the wound to staunch the flow of blood. The web contained a small spider, which stung the man so severely that his whole arm was swollen to twice its natural size.

Hanlan, the carman, has at last been vanquished; but it was not at the cars, the encounter being pugilistic. The victor was his brother, and the trouble arose from competition in the hotel business near Toronto.

WHAT IS LOVE.

BY H. S. CRAWFORD.

What is Love?—a rainbow glory,
Cradled in a stormy cloud;
Glow-worm of a fairy story,
Spangling beauty's winding shroud.

Born in smiles, but nursed in sorrow,
Love's the child of weeping skies,
Though the rose's bloom it borrow,
Soon the fleeting splendor dies.

Yet with all of evil round it,
Like a jewel darkly set,
Dear as living hearts have found it,
How can they its light forget?

There's a sweetness in its anguish,
There's a music in its sigh;
Hopes may wither, joys may languish,
Still it lives—it cannot die.

Though relentless fate may sever
Hearts that Love would fain unite,
Mem'ry's star shall linger ever
O'er that fount of young delight.

All things fade away, and leave us;
Youth, and health, and fortune wane,
Hopes betray, and friends deceive us,
Still we hug Love's rosy chain.

Like the cloistered vestal, telling
Every holy bead with tears,
Love, in gentle bosoms dwelling,
Counts the joys of vanished years.

THE LOST WIFE.

BY J. P. SMITH.

CHAPTER XLIX—(CONTINUED)

"Hear me," continued Mr. Quarl, lowering his voice. "The accomplice you think dead not only lives but is in England. I need not say how inveterate against you his long imprisonment has made him. Hitherto he has been restrained from denouncing you."

"Paul Lynx!" faltered the diplomat. "You have named him?"
"Never did any human being fall more suddenly from the full sense of security to the depths of despair; the sin which had haunted the assassin for years at last had found him. Vainly he turned over his mind the chances of escape; not a loop-hole remained."

"Living," he stammered. "Impossible!"
"You will find it true. His death was a fiction, cleverly contrived by your successor, Mr. Perry Murray, and carried into effect by the influence of the duchess. The governor of the Alte Schloss, seeing that the days of the grand duke were numbered, lent himself to the deception, and wisely secured immunity for himself. Paul Lynx I repeat, is in London, eager for revenge. I spoke with him this morning. If you doubt my word I can produce him."

"No, no," interrupted the guilty man with a bitter laugh. "It must be as you state; I see it all."

"And consent to explain the mystery of your son's fate?"

"I must have three days to reflect."

"Take my advice, Mr. Berrington, and decide at once, and make some atonement for the long sufferings you have inflicted upon a good and virtuous wife."

"A shameless creature!"

"Are you mad?"

"Utterly devoid of virtue," he reiterated.

"Ask me for no explanation now; I must have three days to decide."

"What if we refuse?"

"I am prepared for the worst."

"You shall have the three days you ask," said his visitor, rising to take his leave. "I accord it in the hope that repentance will induce a better state of feeling; as for the accusation against Lady Eastcott, I trust in charity it was launched in a moment of frenzy, for I unhesitatingly pronounce it infamous and unfounded."

Mr. Berrington made no reply.

"On the fourth day from this I shall expect to hear from you."

"Far not; I will be punctual to the very hour."

On his return home Mr. Quarl related what had passed at the interview to his nephew whose surprise, however, did not equal the lawyer's. During his journey to Eastland with Paul Lynx he had gleaned from the ex-detective a full account of the manner in which he had been employed by Ed and Berrington, and the particulars of his journey to Wraycourt.

"What, Tom," exclaimed his uncle, "this absurd accusation does not seem to surprise you?"

"I am as indignant as you are, my dear sir," replied the young man, "but it does not surprise me. It supplies the key to the gentleman's otherwise inexplicable conduct. He was jealous—madly, furiously jealous of the late Sir Ernest Alston."

"Poor fellow, poor fellow!"

"His sister, I believe, encouraged him, but of that, at present, I have obtained no proof; although I trust I am on the track."

"Turned detective, Tom?"

"Only as an amateur."

"Success to your endeavors. And, tell me, what did you see Frank and his sister last?"

"Yesterday."

"And you have nothing to impart?"

"Nothing."

The lawyer regarded him anxiously.

"I had hoped—"

"Aye, sir, so have I hoped against hope; and yet there are times when I feel assured that Lucy feels something stronger than friendship for me."

"And not had the courage to test what that something is?"

Tom hung his head.

"At your age I would have done so."

"I have," replied the young man mournfully.

"And been refused?"

"Alas! yes."

The lawyer muttered the word "cspicio" impatiently.

"Do not wrong her," continued her lover, "she even gave me to understand that I was not indifferent to her. But her mind has received a shock; a morbid sensibility bars my happiness. She fears—Heaven knows how unjustly—that I might live to regret a marriage with one who although a mother, has never been legally a wife. If that fatal impression could be removed—"

"What does Frank say?"

"He and I say both plead for me, with all the zeal of friendship; but her resolution remains unshaken."

"Look you, Tom," said his uncle; "I have remained a bachelor—why is best known to myself, but I am not so in love with the state that I wish you to follow my example. You owe me a grand-nephew—Zounds, sir, you owe me half a dozen. The debt is a just if not a legal one, and if you do not make some arrangement towards paying it—"

"My dear uncle!"

"I shall propose to the lady myself. Not another word. I have business for you. A Colonel Mortimer, who has been recommended to me—"

"Another client?"

"Can't well refuse him—is staying at Cheltenham, but it is impossible, in the present state of Lady Eastcott's affairs, for me to leave town. You must go to him."

"Sir?"

"I have said it."

"If it is really your wish."

"It is my wish," continued the lawyer, whose object was to distract his attention from dwelling too much upon his disappointment by occupying his mind, and to give himself an opportunity of conversing with Frank and his sister. He had great faith in his influence with the latter, and determined to use it to promote the happiness of both, to which he could see no bar except a false delicacy.

"And when must I leave?"

"To-night."

Tom Briarly felt too much gratitude and affection for his hasty and somewhat eccentric relative to hesitate, and yet the journey went sorely against the grain. He was in no mood to look over settlements, or give an opinion on abstract points of law. Could he have seen the results of his visit to Cheltenham he would have hastened on the wings of hope.

Mr. Quarl the next day drove down to the cottage at Richmond, where Lucy and her child continued to reside with Frank and his kind-hearted little wife, whose affection sustained her in her sorrow. It was not the husband nor the loss of rank that Lucy grieved for; her dream of love had long since vanished—contempt at the unworthy conduct of the earl had dispirited it; but it had left a wound to her self-respect time had failed to heal.

The lawyer was received more like a father than a valued friend. Little Ferdinand—the child had been named after his brother—ran boisterously to meet him.

"Uncle Quarl!" he exclaimed; "I am so glad you are come!"

"I wish I were your uncle," said the old man, kissing him.

Poor Lucy blushed deeply.

"I intend to try what my eloquence will do," said the visitor in a private conversation with Frank. "Tom's, I find, has failed."

The brother shook his head.

"Think I shan't succeed, eh?"

"I fear it, sir."

"Umph," muttered Mr. Quarl. "Love-making is not much in my way. If I were only convinced that she cared for my nephew—"

"I think I can answer for that."

"Then I answer for the result," replied the gentleman in a triumphant tone. "Lucy is a sensible girl, and will listen to reason. Once convinced that her scruples are absurd—"

"You will find it difficult to do so."

"I'll try. Keep out of the way if you see us in conversation. You understand?"

Frank nodded, and proceeded to take the hint.

The lawyer's powers were put to the test sooner than he anticipated, for, on turning down one of the garden walks he saw Lucy, seated under a cedar-tree, watching the gambols of her son.

The first approach to the subject denoted

the tactician, his parallels being directed to the mother's heart.

"He really is a noble, handsome little fellow," he observed.

"Poor fatherless boy!"

"And why should he continue fatherless?"

"Oh, Mr. Quarl!"

"My dear Lucy," said the gentleman, "I claim an old man's privilege. Tom has no secrets from his uncle, and the disappointment he has met with greatly afflicts me. I know his nature too well. It is one of those rare ones which feels no second love. Feeling once, he feels for ever; and I shall descend to my grave with no better prospect than seeing him a lonely, solitary man like myself—nay, worse; he will have no nephew to sustain him."

"Mr. Briarly—"

"Call him Tom, my love."

Tom, then, since you wish it, and, in truth, the name seems more familiar," resumed Lucy, "possesses talents and attainments that must ensure a position in the world."

"And why not share it with him?"

"And see his heart wrung, at slight's paid upon his wife?" exclaimed Lucy, bursting into tears. "No; I love—I respect him I mean, too well for that. Should I see a blush upon his cheek, and know it had been caused by me, I should die."

"Permit me to observe," answered Mr. Quarl, "that lawyers are not prone to blushing."

"My dear sir—"

"In a second place, neither himself nor wife would have anything to blush for. You were deceived by a bad man, who married you, well knowing that the law declared his union illegal; had Lord Rialp respected the bond, few but would have pardoned his want of confidence in the first instance. He thought proper, however, to violate it, and his conscience, I believe, avenged the crime. We will not, however, speak of him, but of Tom, my nephew. If you had witnessed his despair when he heard of your marriage. He loved you as a boy; your image was engraved upon his heart when that heart was young, fresh, and pure; pure it still remains, but no longer fresh. Borrow," he added, "has dulled it."

"Loved me as a child!" repeated Lucy, scarcely conscious of the words that she uttered.

"I discovered it years ago. He has since confessed it."

"Loved me!"

"Lucy," said Mr. Quarl, who saw that his words had produced an impression, and wisely resolved to let it work its way, "I will not press you for a decision now, it would be inopportune and indelicate. Think of what I have said. I am an old man; the grave cannot be far distant; but not even for the hope of seeing my poor boy happy would I baffle the sacred voice of conscience. An absurd human law declared your marriage illegal; but a higher one, which no enactments can break, declares you were the lawful wife of the late Lord Rialp. Be true to that law, to your own sense of dignity. Let not a false scruple destroy my nephew's happiness, deprive your boy of a father's protection, for I need scarcely add Tom would prove a father to him."

The speaker kissed her gravely and walked silently away, leaving Lucy buried in reflection. Once again she murmured as he disappeared:

"Loved me from his boyhood, and I not to have seen it."

CHAPTER L

ALTHOUGH Elizabeth Berrington had long ceased to feel anything like affection for the husband who had married her as a speculation, she was true to one instinct of her sex, maternal love. During her long absence from England she had never seen her son. She longed to fold him in her arms, to convince herself that she had something to care for and love.

It is extraordinary how powerful, as we advance in life, the desire of having some being on whom to lavish the affection becomes, especially in women. Love is the keystone of their nature; the stream may vary, take all kinds of capricious forms, but the spring is the same—the deep fountains of the heart, that perennial source which not even altitude can dry. It may trouble the water, for a time, but they subside again.

It was some time before she could discover the whereabouts of the woman to whose charge the infant had been committed. The husband either could not or would not afford the information. He had formed other ties, and cared only that his pension was regularly paid.

"It is some time now since I saw Mrs. Hewson," he said in answer to her enquiries.

His wife regarded him reproachfully.

"I knew that the boy was well," he added; "and that satisfied me."

"She must be found," observed the lady.

"All I know is that she has changed her abode."

"She must be found," repeated Elizabeth Berrington calmly. "I can no longer forget my duty if you have abandoned yours. Not another shilling of your allowance shall you have till I have seen my boy."

As it was very near being due this threat was most alarming.

"Are you serious?" he asked.

"Perfectly."

"In that case I shall make our marriage known."

"Indifferent to me."

"Appeal to your brothers."

"They will not listen to you."

"Their pride will."

"John has no pride," observed his wife, "except the pride of wealth, and a penniless brother-in-law is not likely to touch that. As to Edward, I fear he is dying."

"The law."

"The law," interrupted Elizabeth scornfully. "You show me how worthless was the man to whom I sacrificed myself; but the law will give you nothing. Every shilling of my father's legacy is forfeited in the event of its being proved that I married before his death."

The speculating husband looked blank.

"But I need not tell you this," continued the speaker in the same unfatigued tone; "you have doubtless read his will."

The gentleman had read it.

"Besides, in the event of your venturing on such a step, do you know how I should act?"

"Compromise, if you are wise," was the reply.

"Nothing of the kind."

"How then?"

"Employ every means money can command to search out your past life. There must be some flaw or spot in it. Fidelity, unless to your own interests, is not in your nature."

"Jealous!" exclaimed her husband, affecting to laugh.

"Absurd!"

"It sounded like it."

"Be undeceived then," answered Miss Berrington; "to me it is a matter of the most profound indifference what ties you have formed, so far as affection is concerned. Not so for my son. He is the one being left to me. You have heard my decision, the only condition on which you can continue your life of profligacy and ease. This indifference to the fate of your son has broken the last tie between us. Find out this Mary Hewson. It was on your recommendation I entrusted the child to her, or never see me more."

The lady departed, well knowing the effect her threats of stopping his income would produce. The event proved that she was correct in her calculation. A few days brought the required intelligence.

Mr. Harcourt—our readers have not forgotten the name of the husband we presume—had some considerable difficulty in discovering the abode of the woman, who, having a certain income in the pension she received for her charge, had naturally fallen a prey to one of those designing men who, too lazy to work, speculate on the weakness of the unprotected; and Mary Hewson, unfortunately, was doubly so—unprotected either by principle or virtue.

On her visitor inquiring after the boy she appeared confused, but he insisted upon an answer.

"I have given you one; I can't tell exactly where he is," she replied.

"That won't do for me."

"You will get no other then."

"I am his father."

"You!"

"Have you forgotten me, or is this affected forgetfulness only a pretense?"

"Well, Mr. Harcourt," said the woman, "now I look again I do begin to recognise you. But it is years since I saw you; and, mercy on us, how you are changed!"

"Time has not improved you," retorted the visitor.

"Well, I dare say not," replied Mrs. Hewson. "Heaven knows I've had troubles enough to change me. I dare say very few escape them. The boy is not in London."

His father knew that she was lying, but waited to hear her out.

"Where is he, then?"

"Well, you see, his health was rather delicate and he took a voyage with a broker of mine."

"And how long is it since he sailed, this brother of yours?"

"Nearly a month."

"Where to?"

"I can't exactly remember the name of the place; but some port in Spain. He goes every year, and brings back fruit and wine to the owners. George was delicate, and everyone said the trip would do him good. And now," she added, "I hope you are satisfied."

"If I am, it is more than his mother will be."

"What!" exclaimed the woman in great alarm; "is the lady in England?"

"This week past."

Mary Hewson clasped her hands despondingly.

"You will see her in a day or two."

"How unfortunate!"

"It is rather unfortunate," observed the gentleman, who, thinking it would be advisable to tide over explanation, if possible, till after quarter day, did not feel disposed to question too closely the account she gave. "You are a mother yourself, I believe."

"Three children sir."

"Well, then, being a mother, you can imagine the kind of questions the lady will be likely to put to you. She is not of a very affectionate nature. It will be more difficult to deceive her reason than her heart. You had better reflect on your replies."

"Thank you sir."

"And recollect the name of the port the ship is bound to is Cadiz."

Mary Hewson wrote it with a piece of chalk over the chimney piece of her little parlor.

"When may I expect to see her?"

"To-morrow, I should think," replied her visitor, as he took his leave.

Interest makes up excellent actors, and amateurs frequently rival the professionals. When Elizabeth Berrington made her appearance the following day, Mrs. Hewson received her with her eyes full of tears. Was ever anything so unfortunate? She had done all for the best. The dear young gentleman had worked so hard at his books, and pleaded so earnestly, she had not the heart to refuse him.

With all her astuteness, the mother felt satisfied.

"Is he much grown?" she asked.

"Almost outgrown his strength, and is so handsome—just your eyes. Only to think that he should be away! But the ship will be back in a month."

It was a long time to wait, but, having waited so many years, Elizabeth Berrington governed her impatience, and took her departure, perfectly satisfied of the truth of the story she had heard. Her mind, too, was agitated by other and equally important feelings. Her brother Edward was dying. From the day of Mr. Quarl's visit he had commenced sinking rapidly. It was evident he could not last long, and it was a serious consideration how he would dispose of his fortune.

Wraycourt, she well knew, was settled; but the personal wealth of the diplomat was far more considerable than even his landed estate.

Her aim was to secure that, and then, arise what might, she would be prepared to meet the world.

At one time she had thought of confessing her marriage to her brother, and introducing her son to his notice; but a prudent doubt restrained her. The experiment would be a hazardous one. It might succeed, or destroy at a blow the carefully cultivated influence of years.

And thus she resolved to wait.

It might not have been wisely decided, but, in her brother's present state, regret that she had not carried out the project came too late.

At the expiration of the three days Mr. Quarl waited upon the ex-diplomat. Although a man of strong nerve he was both shocked and surprised at the extraordinary change that had taken place in his appearance. The eyes were glaring and defiant as ever, but the muscular part of the face had so fallen away that the countenance of the guilty man resembled a death's-head covered with very white parchment drawn tightly over it.

"I am sorry to see this change," he observed, "but trust it proceeds from remorse and regret for the past."

"Did you expect to find me fresh and full of health," demanded Mr. Berrington sharply, "after having a fire you well knew nothing could extinguish implanted both in heart and brain?"

"This is terrible."

"It is terrible," replied the sufferer. "Your client may rest satisfied when you describe the utter wreck she has made of me."

"It is not my client's fault, but the result of your bad passions."

Mr. Berrington laughed bitterly.

"Have you forgotten what she endured," continued his visitor, "treated as a madman for years, deprived of her liberty, outraged in the tenderest feelings as a wife and mother?"

"Have I not been outraged in feelings equally dear?"

"I do not understand you. If you entertain any absurd suspicion that Lady Eastcott ever proved faithless to her marriage vows—"

"Go on, sir, pray go on."

"Let me entreat you to dismiss it from your mind as a delusion, bred of suspicion and most unfounded jealousy."

"As her lawyer you can do no less."

"I speak as a man, Mr. Berrington."

"You have come for an answer to your proposal?" said the latter.

Mr. Quarl bowed in the affirmative.

"What if I decline all explanation?"

"You will die with a great sin unrepented of."

"Di!" repeated the husband of Clara; "now there it is; you see that I have not many days to live; you can almost count the hours, for they are numbered. Where are now your threats? Before the majesty of death they fall powerless—a mockery. I can defy you and the world."

Mr. Quarl raised his hand and pointed to heaven.

"You are confounding your vocation, sir," said Mr. Berrington haughtily; "the law is your profession, and not the Church."

"It is the vocation, I trust, of every man to speak the words of truth to an erring

fallen creature. Death may place you beyond the reach of mortal justice, but there is a Judge we can neither deceive nor fly from. Think, and whilst there is time make your peace with him."

"You talk this well, sir."

"I speak as I feel. Think of the reputation you must leave behind you."

The Hon. Edward Berrington laughed a second time. He had long since ceased to care for the opinion of the world; in fact he rather prided himself on having it.

"About the worst argument you could offer."

"Then I pity you."

"Listen to me, Mr. Quarl. Strange as the avowal may seem, I do believe that you are an honest man, and I will deal frankly by you. Any appeal you make to my sense of justice, as you term it, I tell you candidly is thrown away."

"Your honor, then."

"Destroyed," replied the invalid bitterly, "by a shameless wretch."

"Madness! madness!"

"I do wish the world," continued Mr. Berrington, "to judge me—I am past caring for its verdict—but to know that if as a husband I have been deeply injured, I know how to avenge myself. Your client shall be satisfied. Her son still lives."

"Thank Heaven!"

"He shall inherit Wraycourt a noble place filled with historical recollections and relics of a race noble—very noble. The best blood in England runs in the veins of my son, by his mother's side. I am, you are aware, one of plebeian stuff."

"Your father rose by his own industry to fortune, and left an honorable name. The heralds, Mr. Berrington, can trace no proud or decent."

"At least, it is an honest one. Fix your day; it must be an early one," added the dying man with a sickly smile. "Let Lady Eastcott attend with what friends she pleases. In face of my assembled family I will explain the reasons of my conduct, and present to her her son."

"Is this serious?"

"Perfectly."

"It will be a sad trial to my client," observed the lawyer, "and I wish it could be spared her. Reflect on what she has suffered."

"And what have I not suffered?" demanded the jealous husband passionately. "Has my existence been a bed of roses, think you?"

"I can imagine that the sharp thorns of memory have left their wounds," answered Mr. Quarl. "A great crime, even when hidden, becomes its own avenger."

"I have confessed no crime," said Mr. Berrington moodily. "You place strange confidence in the assertions of this Paul Lynx. Our position is changed since we met last. It is now my turn to dictate terms; my deathbed becomes a car of triumph. You have heard the only conditions on which I consent to draw the impenetrable veil which conceals the mystery."

"I have no alternative, I must accept it."

A sigh of relief, almost of pleasure, escaped from the closely pressed lips of the husband of Clara, and his head sank back upon his pillow.

"The day," he murmured; "the day."

"Wednesday."

"Be it so. I shall last till then."

The dying man appeared to possess a singular knowledge of the length of time his disease promised to leave him master of.

"Mind," he added, "the presence of my wife, or I am dumb."

Clara was greatly shocked when informed of the approaching dissolution of her husband, the intelligence being totally unexpected.

"I think," observed the lawyer, "that he will do you justice."

"To my reputation—yes; but what can do justice to my feelings as a mother deprived for years of the presence of her child, the dignity of the wife outraged and insulted."

"Death pays nearly every debt," observed Mr. Quarl.

"True. Let him return my boy, and I forgive him."

When informed of the proposed meeting, Miss Gartha Bouchier and Dr. Bray insisted on accompanying her to the interview.

"At your age, my dear kind cousin," observed her ladyship, "the exertion may be too much."

The old maid would listen to no objection.

"I owe it to our name," she observed; "and, Clara, my love, I have a caution and a counsel to give you. I am more clear sighted than the lawyer, and can read your husband's intentions; they are wicked and cruel. Be cautious how you believe his assertions respecting your son. Demand proof of every word he asserts."

"And, when proved?"

"Doubt still!" said Miss Gartha. "He may have been himself deceived."

CHAPTER LI.

At the termination of his journey Tom Briarly felt anything but disposed to enter into the dry details of the professional business for which he sup-

posed Colonel Mortimer required his assistance, and the feeling was increased by the look of disappointment which pierced the well bred courtesy with which his new client received him.

The Colonel had evidently expected to see a much older man.

"I could have wished," he said, "Mr. Quarl had found it convenient to visit me himself."

Tom devotedly echoed it.

"The affair I have to consult him upon requires not only great experience in a professional point of view, but considerable knowledge of the world."

"I have been trained in a lawyer's office," observed Tom dryly.

The gentleman smiled; he understood all that the observation implied.

"It was impossible for my uncle to leave town at this juncture," added the speaker, "and but for the recommendation of the old and valued friend whose letter of introduction you forwarded, I question if we could have undertaken any new case. Our hands are full—literally full."

"Accept my thanks in advance," said the old gentleman blandly. "Permit me to add that money is not an object with me."

"Nor with us," answered his visitor in the same tone.

"A singular young man," thought the colonel.

"A soldier, with all the prejudices of his class, thinks money can do everything. Little does he imagine how I loathe it," was the reflection which passed through the brain of the young man.

"Perhaps you will favor me by dining with me?" said the new client. "I have certain papers to arrange to make my statements clear. May I count upon your acceptance?"

Tom, who would much rather have been left to the indulgence of his own thoughts, bowed acceptance, and all the more readily as it promised relief for the present.

"At six, then," said the colonel.

"At six," repeated the young lawyer, taking his leave.

"Up! I bidate beyond his years," muttered Colonel Mortimer as the door closed after him. "There is power in that head—great determination and perseverance. Perhaps, after all, the arrival of the nephew instead of the uncle may prove an advantage where decision and energy are required."

Little did the sneaker imagine how faithful and zealous an ally he had got.

Tom Briarly, who had passed the intervening hours chewing the cud of sweet and bitter fancies, presented himself at the appointed hour. Punctuality is the politeness of a true gentleman, and the young lawyer was one in mind as well as feeling.

Dinner passed, as dinners between persons who meet for the first time generally do, without much conversation on either side.

"May I offer you some wine?" inquired the host.

It was declined.

Colonel Mortimer rang the bell, and as soon as the table was cleared his valet brought a heavy old fashioned Indian desk from the adjoining room, placed it before his master, and silently withdrew, after receiving orders that he was on no account to be disturbed.

"At the risk of wearying you," said Colonel Mortimer, "I must relate to you certain passages in my early life. Do not be alarmed. I will be brief as possible, for they are painful to dwell upon. I do this not to engage your sympathy, but simply because it is absolutely necessary, to enable you to understand the case in which I require your assistance."

Tom bowed.

"At the age of sixteen I found myself dependent upon the will of a relative who held a high military command in India. I had never seen him. His letters, though brief, were not unkind, but he exacted the most implicit obedience. It was his will that I should be educated for the same profession as himself. At eighteen I obtained my commission in an infantry regiment. By the death of a female relative I became entitled to the sum of five thousand pounds. I smile at the sum now, then it appeared a fortune—boundless wealth!"

"Not to tire you, I married the daughter of a country clergyman, bereaved by death of her only stay. I never regretted it. We were happy—most happy. But I will not tire you with an old man's recollections of feelings which can have no interest to a gentleman of your profession."

Tom Briarly smiled bitterly.

"The same year saw me a father and my child motherless. It was the first blight, and I felt it keenly. To add to my distress," he continued, "I received a letter offering me a staff appointment in India. General Mortimer had not heard of my marriage. I knew his views upon the subject, and with culpable weakness had concealed the fact from his knowledge. I pined for change, regret was consuming me. In short, I confided my infant daughter, the pledge of my short lived wedded happiness, to the care of a friend—a man whose name stood high in the world for integrity and honor. To induce him to undertake the charge I

placed in his hands half my fortune, with the understanding that in the event of my child's death it was to become his."

"That was imprudent," observed the young lawyer.

"I begin to suspect so," said the old man with a sigh.

"Was he rich?"

"No; of moderate means, acquired by marriage."

"A temptation!"

"I have lately regarded it in that light. I had not been more than three years in India before I received a letter from him enclosing the certificate of my daughter's death. I believed him. Gradually our correspondence became less frequent. The exciting scenes around me left but brief time to regret. I rose in my profession, and by the time the war was ended found myself rich. The death of my relative added to my wealth."

"I presume, colonel," said his hearer, "you married again."

"Never! Smile if you will, but you may believe me whilst you smile, I never knew a second love. Possibly you cannot understand such constancy to a name—a regret?"

"I can; few better," answered Tom with a deep-drawn sigh.

His client regarded him sharply, to ascertain perhaps whether he was sincere or only acting with him. Satisfied of the first, he proceeded:

"After a career prosperous beyond my expectations, I had almost said my horse, I returned to Europe a rich but broken man, without friends, without ties, no child to love me and inherit the wealth I had toiled for."

"I understand, but pardon me if I ask—"

"I must tell my tale my own way," interrupted Colonel Mortimer. "It is a tangled skein, and difficult to unravel. When you have heard it all then question me."

His legal adviser nodded acquiescence.

"A feeling I can scarcely define," continued the narrator, "induced me to visit the village where my child had died. It was my intention to erect a costly monument to her memory. On my arrival I enquired for my friend. He had long since quitted the place."

"But you discovered his whereabouts?"

"No; he had left no trace, nor kept up any communication with his former friends there. I struck me as singular, but my suspicions were not yet awakened."

"May I ask what first excited them?"

"You shall hear. I had given orders for the monument, and returned to my solitary hotel when the landlord informed me that the village sexton wished to speak with me. Deeming the man had called in the hope of obtaining a gratuity, I sent him out a guinea. I had no heart to listen to his gossip. To my surprise it was returned to me."

"Returned?"

"With the following message. 'The sexton did not come to me for the money but to see and speak with me.' It was accompanied with a threat that if I refused I should regret it."

"Strange!"

"It struck me so."

"And you saw him?"

"Yes."

"Now, colonel," said Tom Briarly, who began to feel interested in his narrative, "I must beg of you to be most particular in relating what passed at the interview. It is evidence."

"I will be careful," replied his client; "not that there exists the slightest fear of my forgetting a single word he uttered—my heart registered every syllable as they fell from his lips. Having satisfied himself that I was the father of the Ellen Mortimer whose death was recorded in the registers of the church, he proceeded to inform me that the child had not died as was generally believed in the village, but had been removed by her treacherous guardian, and a coffin filled with stones buried in her place, that for several years he had received a considerable sum as the price of his connivance and silence. At first I thought he was mad."

"Surely you had the grave examined?"

"Yes."

"And the result?"

"Confirmed the statement of the sexton, which the magistrates took down in writing, and made him attest upon oath. That done, I used every exertion to discover the retreat of the treacherous guardian. They had hitherto been in vain."

"Have you no clue?"

"A faint one," replied the colonel sadly. "Of all the letters containing money forwarded to the sexton, he had retained but one. It bore the postmark of a village in Devonshire—Wraycourt."

"Wraycourt?" repeated Tom Briarly starting from his chair.

"Yes. Do you know the place?"

"I was borne there."

"How singular."

"One word," said the young man. "The name of the man you confided in—the treacherous villain, the false friend—was Beauchamp."

It was now the turn of his client to look surprised. So great was his agitation that for several instants he remained speechless.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

SHORT STORIES.

BY S. H. D.

You said, "I love you," was it so?
Once I believed those words you know,
When in the misty autumn light
We paused to whisper just "Good night!"

To you the words new meaning bore;
For me, good bye, and nothing more,
Till, startled by your earnest gaze,
My heart leaped up in quick alarm;

Then sudden elated me to your breast,
O moment held, O was it best
To say, "Dear friend, I love thee more
Than e'er I thought to love before?"

"No! it cannot, it cannot be!"
I cried, "that you should care for me;
Alas! confession seeks too late
The loving answer you await."

Another claims my plighted troth;
Respect and love, I owe him both,—
Yet binding tears obscured my sight
That I could only say, "Good-night!"

The United Latchkeys

BY ALFRED

EDWARD BURKE, a well-meaning citizen of Ohio, lately took unto him a fair daughter of the Blue Grass State for a wife.

Unfortunately for him, his pretty spouse was not the mildest-tempered woman living, and shortly after marriage she evinced a disposition to make his life miserable.

For some time he bore up manfully under his severe probation, but at last, overcome by the weight of his sorrow, and the disappointment of his fondest hopes, he applied to a friend, one Ebenezer Bluff, for a specific to ameliorate his condition.

The latter advised him to join a certain club, The United Latchkeys, for the most part composed of bachelors, who met every evening.

Furthermore, Bluff, being a member, undertook to introduce him.

That evening both wended their way to the club house. On the road Bluff informed Burke that previous to being considered a brother member he must undergo initiation. He did not relish this idea, for he had heard what it was to be initiated; but he was not the man to falter, so he nodded approvingly. They arrived at their destination, and Bluff gave three loud knocks on the door.

"Who goes there?" asked a deep voice from the other side.

"The ace of spades," responded he.

The portals were thrown open, and they passed in under the leadership of a man robed in white, his face concealed by a black mask, and armed with a large cavalry sabre.

They were ushered into a hall resplendent with the light of wax candles. On an elevated chair sat a man dressed like their conductor, but whose head revolved in a cocked hat. Around him on chairs sat the remaining members of the society, masked and robed in white.

As soon as the three entered the hall, all stood up, and the man in the cocked hat asked, in a bass voice:

"What unbeliever dares to intrude upon the privacy of our temple?"

Bluff answered:

"A poor deluded married man, Most Worthy Chief, who desires now to become a brother."

"Tis well!" responded the Worthy Chief.

He then struck a table near him three times with a gavel, and the crowd gave three loud groans.

Burke was now blindfolded and conducted to a post which stood in the centre of the room. This he was commanded to climb. He did so, and reached within a few feet of the top, when he thought he would descend. He came down, and very rapidly, as the post was greased, a fact which occupied his attention in the process of ascension.

However, he did not reach the ground immediately, as in the interval of his climbing a tub of ice water had been placed beneath him, in which he disappeared.

After allowing him to float about promiscuously for a few minutes, two of the members pulled him out, and unbinding his eyes, gave him dry clothing, and a few minutes to prepare for the next ordeal.

They brought him forward again, and he looked as prime and as fresh as a rose, after his ducking.

A football was now placed before him, at which he was to kick. He asked if he might run at it and was answered in the affirmative.

Now, Burke was not backward in athletic sports, so he made a tremendous kick at the ball, but it didn't budger. And why should it, when it was loaded with lead. If the ball was not put in motion, however, Burke was, for, with a cry of pain, he grabbed his foot and waded around the room very rapidly.

After awhile his unseemly exuberance of animal spirits was spent, and he was re-

quested to bring to the chief a poker that reposed in the corner. He seized it but—Stop; let me ask a question. Where is the man who can hold on to a poker raised to a high degree of heat?

Alas! with the stumby speaker I must answer, "Nowhere, sir—nowhere, and I defy anybody to deny it."

Burke was mortal so it's natural to expect that he dropped the poker, and immediately endeavored to put his whole hand into his mouth.

His initiation here ended, and, the members throwing off their disguises, he recognized among them many of his acquaintances who complimented him on his grit and endurance. They then gathered at a table, and the bottle was passed around freely.

Burke became very tipsy, and arose to make a speech.

"Fellow citterners and women folk," he said, "ye all see before y'r a wreck of humanity (hic) a man (hic), bowed down by weight of woe! Ye all tell panions this is the winter of our discontent, and I fear gentlemen, I fear (hic) everybody ain't all right—no sir! I'm quite sure somebody's wrong 'cause science is based on rotten foundations, gentlemen, as my friend Bluff will testify."

At this point the club cheered loudly, and Burke sat down, with the corners of his mouth meeting at the back of his neck. In other words, he was smiling—actually smiling.

The meeting continued half an hour longer, and during that time Burke talked about every imaginable thing, and sang more songs in five minutes than a professional singer could give vent to in an hour. After the members adjourned, he staggered home, and on the way excused himself to three ash barrels and a lamp post for falling against them.

Arrived at his residence, he got safely in, but not before he had wasted fully fifteen minutes in vain endeavors to open the door with a button hook, all the time muttering, "Somebody's been foolin' with the combination!"

HONKIN'S SHOES.—The proverbs of people are often illustrated by, or take their rise in, stories of a humorous character, and a proverb is no exception to the rule. Here is an instance: There was a certain shoemaker named Honkin, and an Arab came to purchase a pair of shoes at his shop. The usual bargaining began, the cobbler asking twice the proper price and the Bedouin offering half. The son of the desert, however, was impatient, and before the proper man had been arrived at gave up the game of haggling and went off in high dudgeon. Honkin resolved on revenge, and hurrying forward on the road where he knew the Arab would have to pass, he threw down one of the shoes. Presently the Arab came up, and seeing the shoe said to himself, "How like this is to one of Honkin's shoes. If the other were but with it I would take them." Honkin had in the meanwhile gone on further still and thrown down the other shoe, hiding himself close by to watch the fun. When the desert Arab came to the second shoe he regretted having left the first, but, tying up his camel, went back to fetch it. Honkin at once mounted and rode off home, well satisfied with the exchange of a camel for a pair of shoes. When the Arab returned on foot to his tribe, and they asked what he had brought back from his journey, he replied, "I have brought back nothing but Honkin's shoes." And the saying became proverbial for a bootless errand.

A widower's countenance, Ned, she said to him, passively, in a tone implying total lack of confidence in herself, "I don't think I can ever be to you what your first wife was." "Great Caesar, Mary!" was the enthusiastic response, "if I thought that I'd never marry you to-morrow."

Those of our readers who have not already written for a cake of the Frank Siddalls Soap to be sent them by mail, should not allow another day to go by without attending to it.

The Soap is one of the most startling discoveries of modern times, and is destined to effect a complete revolution in washing clothes.

This Paper is not interested in the success of the Soap except that its use will benefit every housekeeper who will put aside all little prejudices and give one honest trial to the new easy way of washing.

That every reader of the Post can try one time for themselves what a most startling invention has been made, a regular 10-cent cake of the Soap will be sent them by mail postage prepaid if the promise is sent that it will be used exactly according to directions, although the postage alone is 15 cts.

Squinting and Quins

SANDPAPER.—To make sandpaper, crush glass under a runner, and sift it into about six sixths; coat a good quality of Manila paper with this glass, and dust the pulverized glass over it. Sometimes two coats of glass and glass are thus applied to the paper.

FIXING SKETCHES.—To fix pencil sketches so they will not rub out, take well skimmed milk and dilute with an equal bulk of water. Wash the pencil marks with this liquid, using a soft camel's hair flat brush, and avoiding all rubbing. Place upon a flat board to dry.

BOTTLED LEMONADE.—Dissolve half a pound of loaf sugar in one quart of water, and boil it over a slow fire; two drachms of acetic acid; four ounces of tartaric acid; when cold, add two pennyworth of essence of lemon. Put one sixth of the above into each bottle filled with water, and add thirty grains of carbonate of soda; cork it immediately, and it will be fit for use.

LIQUID FUEL.—It is predicted that coal will be superseded by liquid fuel for the generation of steam both on land and sea, and that it in turn will give way to electricity for the propulsion of motive power. Experiments are being made which are expected to demonstrate that the work now accomplished by a ton of coal, costing \$4 to \$4.25 can be performed by thirty gallons of crude petroleum, costing less than a dollar.

ARCTIC EXPLORATION.—It has been suggested that two Arctic expeditions about 1880 start from San Francisco should carry coils of light steel wire, which could be easily transported over ice and snow on sledges, for the purpose of maintaining communication between the exploring parties and the bases of supplies from which they push forward into an unknown and perilous region. It is said that the wires could be rapidly laid as each party proceeded and constant telegraphic communication kept up with comparatively slight additional cost and labor.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHT.—A remedy for the objections to the incandescent light of the electric light is proposed in the shape of a battery for the generation of electricity. This battery is worked by a new combination of chemical ingredients not yet published, and the current produced is transmitted directly by wires to the lamps. The resulting flame is stated to be absolutely colorless and of great steadiness and permanence. At a recent trial a 30 cell battery was charged and at intervals of 30 hours between each recharging a faultless light of nearly 200 candles was yielded for about a month without replenishing.

RELIEVING PAIN.—A Frenchman has constructed an apparatus for relieving pain by mechanical vibration. It consists of a tuning fork kept in constant vibration by an electromagnet, and the tremors thus produced are communicated directly to the skin by means of a rod. The efficacy of vibration is no doubt due to the irritating effects of the shocks on the terminal twigs of the nerves, and it is expected that many kinds of pain will be dispelled by the use of this appliance. When the nerves are not too deeply seated, the apparatus is said to be capable of charming away neuralgia in a few minutes. When it is applied to the skull it produces a sense of dizziness and a desire to sleep.

HARD AND GRUEL

CORN.—An intelligent farmer says that the leaves and stalks from an acre of corn are worth as much to feed to stock as the hay which could be raised upon the same amount of land.

EGGS.—There is no agent that will protect vines from the ravages of the striped bug and squash bug so effectively as paris green when applied to the vines as it is to potatoes for destroying the beetle. It is also efficient in destroying the rose bug.

LEATHER HOSE.—To preserve leather hose, belting, etc., in good condition, freely apply crude castor oil, warmed if possible. It increases the pliability of the leather and the clinging of belts. It does not become rancid, and rats avoid it. In hose it should be pumped in under considerable pressure, thus thoroughly filling the pores.

EGGS.—To test the age of eggs says an old recipe, dissolve about 40 ounces of common salt in a little over 10 pints of water. An egg put in this solution on the day it is laid will sink to the bottom; one a day old will not reach quite to the bottom of the vessel; when three days old it will swim in the liquid; while one more than three days old will swim on the surface.

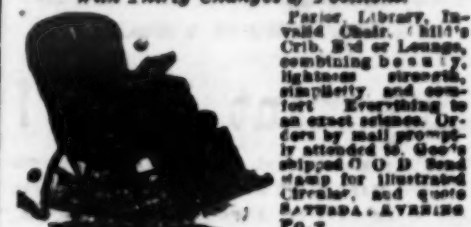
TARRED ROPES.—Tarring ropes. It has been shown, although diminished their city against a pulling strain, but a tarred rope maintains a high average of tenacity much more than an untarred one, by reason of the protection the tar affords against atmospheric and other causes of deterioration. The quantity of tar found most suitable is about 15 per cent of the weight of the rope.

MUTTON CHEAPER THAN PORK.—The cheese is best for fattening is mutton. It may safely be said to cost nothing, fattening does from a sheep of a good breed will pay for its keeping. If for additional profit, there is a lamb or two, the best of the animal, if killed at home, the excellent mutton from its droppings, and the ridance of the pasture from weeds, to which sheep are destructive foes. With the exception of poultry, mutton is also the most convenient meat for the farmer. A sheep is easily killed and dressed by a single hand in an hour, and in the warmest weather it can be readily disposed of before it is spoiled. Science and experience both declare it the healthiest kind of meat.

TRICKSOME INSECTS.—These may infest your plants and if allowed to remain do much damage. Green fly—Not always green, but varying from yellow to green and going to what it eats—is the commonest pest and the easiest to get rid of. You may brush them to death between your fingers with a sponge or brush; but if you merely rub them off, they fall down only to jump up again. Better take your plants out to the back kitchen or wood shed, and there wash off all vermin. This you can do with clean water. In green house, fumigating with tobacco smoke and dipping the crops (save the roots) of plants in tobacco water are the ways to destroy green fly. A spider is a minute insect, exceedingly destructive and hard to eradicate. It appears like brown or red or yellow particles of dust, usually on the under side of the leaves. Its presence is observable by the nearest, sticky, yellowish web of the leaves. Frequent and thorough washings with water will effectually remove it.

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THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
SIXTIETH YEAR.

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Our Diamond Brilliant Premiums are giving such universal satisfaction we sincerely wish every reader to have at least one of them. In view of their superior quality, beauty, and general excellence, subscribers who call at this office cannot imagine how we can afford such an expensive Premium. In response to many requests we beg leave to call attention to the following

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and an extra Diamond Premium to the sender of the club, and for every three subscriptions thereafter at the same rate we will present the sender with an additional Premium. The whole set may be secured in this way without expense, and as each subscriber in the club receives Ten Pairs one year and a Premium, a very little effort among friends and acquaintances should induce them to subscribe. Please read "More Receipts Heard From," on page THREE, and show them to your friends. If anyone subscribing for Ten Pairs and New Premium regrets the investment after examination, he has only to return the Premium in good order, and he will receive his money by return mail.

Very Respectfully,
THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JUNE 4, 1891.

TABLE OF CONTENTS.

- "AN ORAL RITE,"—Chapter XIV Continued, and Chapters XV and XVI.
- THE LOSS WIFE,"—Chapter XLIX Continued, and Chapters L and LI.
- MEAD IN HONOR,"—Chapters XVI Continued, and Chapters XVII and XVIII.
- ANONYMOUS.
- LASTING DEPARTMENT—Notes, Queries, and Fireside Chat.
- NEW PUBLICATIONS.
- THE WORLD OF HUMOR.
- REMAINS.
- SLEEPING AND WAKING.
- FAIR AND GARDEN.
- REMINISCENCES.
- SHADES OF GOLD.
- EDUCATIONAL. SANITARY, & C.
- ANSWERS TO INQUIRIES.
- NEWS ITEMS, MISCELLANY AND POETRY.

CHARACTER

AMONG the happiest and proudest possessions of a man is his character, it is a wealth, it is a rank of itself. It usually procures him the honors, and rarely the jealousies, of fame, like most treasures that are attained less by circumstances than ourselves.

Character is a more felicitous reputation than glory. The wise man, therefore, despises not the opinion of the world, he estimates it at its full value,

he does not wantonly jeopardize his treasure of a good name, he does not rush from vanity alone, against the received sentiments of others, he does not hazard his costly jewel with unworthy combatants, and for a petty stake.

He represents the legislation of decorum. If he be benevolent, as well as wise, he will remember that character affords him a thousand utilities, that it enables him the better to forgive the erring, and to shelter the assailed. But that character is built on a false and hollow basis, which is formed not from the dictates of our own breast, but solely from the fear of censure.

What is the essence and the life of character? Principle, integrity, independence! or, as one of our great old writers hath it, 'that inbred loyalty unto Virtue which can serve her without a livery.' These are qualities that hang not upon man's breath. They must be formed within ourselves; they must make ourselves—indissoluble and indestructible as the soul. If, conscious of these possessions, we trust tranquilly to time and occasion to render them known, we may rest assured that our character, sooner or later, will establish itself.

We cannot more defeat our own object than by a restless and fevered anxiety as to what the world will say of us. Except, indeed, if we are tempted to unworthy compliances with what our conscience disapproves, in order to please the fleeting and capricious countenance of the time. There is a moral honesty in a due regard for character which will not shape itself to the humors of the crowd. And this, if honest, is no less wise. For the crowd never long esteems those who flatter it at their own expense. He who has the suppleness of a demagogue will live to complain of the fickleness of the mob.

SANCTUM OREM

SUICIDES are on the increase in France. About a fifth of the victims belong to the agricultural class, a seventh to the liberal professions, while more than half belong to the financial and commercial community.

IOWA is not pleased with the boys sent from New York by philanthropists. The newspapers declare that they come from the purlieus of the great cities, and are impregnated with vices," and call on the Governor to stop such immigration.

AN old horseman says that horses frequently die of broken hearts because they travel the same road every day and become tired of seeing the same objects. He says that the best way to restore a horse to health is to take him off on a new road and let him shy a little.

THE London Telegraph say that Englishmen and Germans get tipsy after dinner, Frenchmen after supper; but that the modern American refrains to an astonishing extent from the consumption of wine or any alcoholic beverage while dining. The small proportion of educated Americans, continues the writer, who are of intemperate habits, are accustomed to get "tight" on the balmy cocktail before breakfast.

A WRITER who has devoted some attention to the decorators and artisans of Japan, says that the worker in metal is, without exception, the most artistic; but that all Japanese workmen and artists discard utterly the happy-go-lucky method in their work. They undergo a

thorough training in ancient custom and precedent. Hand-books with elaborate instructions and progressive lessons are cheap and accessible to the poorest, for circulating libraries abound. From first strokes to the finished drawing, and for each class or style of design, there are many elaborately illuminated works of reference.

At the convention of the Episcopal Diocese of South Carolina at Charleston, last week, the presiding Bishop devoted much of his annual address to a denunciation of "the code of honor." Within the past few years, he said, no less than five or six communications of the Church in that State had engaged in duels, either as principals or seconds; and he strongly urged that such persons be rigidly excluded from the sacramental table.

LOCAL Option prevails in North Carolina, and it happens that two adjoining counties, divided only by a narrow river, differ radically in their views of the temperance question. But tipplers in the prohibition county thus evade the law: A rope with a traveling basket is stretched across the stream. When a man on the prohibition side wants a drink, the order goes in the basket and hauled over. The drink is then put in a basket on the other side and rapidly transferred to the prohibition side.

ACCORDING to the new orders, the British regiments will adopt a national badge as follows:—English regiments, a rose; Scotch regiments, a thistle; Irish regiments, a shamrock; and Welsh regiments, a dragon. The title of each regiment will be borne on the shoulder strap. The facings and officers' lace will be, for English and Welsh regiments, white facings, rose patterns of lace; Scotch regiments, yellow facings, thistle lace; Irish regiments, green facings, shamrock lace, royal regiments, blue facings, retaining the national lace.

THE distinction between a drama and comedy is very simple. In a drama a plot turns on a murder; in a comedy on a marriage. The question is in a comedy whether the marriage will take place or not, and in a drama whether the murder will be accomplished or not. There will be a marriage, there will be a murder, this is the first act. There will be no marriage or no murder; this is the second act. A new incident happens, a new manner of killing or marrying; that is the third act. An obstacle arises which prevents the killing or marrying, that is the fourth act. This must finish, and so in the fifth act the marriage or murder is arranged or accomplished, because everything must have an end.

A FAMOUS Boston clergyman, preaching last Sunday, discredited the extravagant statements which represent intemperance as the root of all crime in this country, and maintained that there is a steady growth of temperate habits among the people as compared with the customs of a few generations ago. Two leading methods would, in his belief, further advance the spread of temperance principles among the people, first, the indirect influence of increasing culture; second, the direct efforts of organizations devoted to this special work. The preacher referred at some length to the variety of opinions held in regard to the best means for advancing the cause of temperance, as showing the difficulty of uniting all in one common work, and made the passing comment on the license law, that no limit was set by it to the

number of licenses which should be issued, holding that this was one of the striking defects of the law. The preacher decried the perpetual quarrel between prohibition and license, and urged as a basis for future work of temperance advocates the formation of societies to devise the best restrictive laws and to see to their execution, the practical work of closing dramshops being one which should call for the active support of all temperate people.

A NEW terror is being gradually added to our social life say a London journal. Luncheon parties are becoming an institution. What used to be a modest meal is expanding in elaborate function; and one is expected to string one's self up to concert pitch five or six hours in advance of the time ordained by nature and hitherto sanctioned by custom. If things go on at this rate one will soon be asked to take one's morning cup of tea at 8 o'clock, before a distinguished company habited in gorgeous dressing-gowns. Parties will be organized for the public consumption of the noontide egg beaten up in sherry. Society may as well make up its mind at once to live in an incessant state of full dress. Hospitality is in itself not a bad thing, but it may be carried too far. The luncheon party is at best an inconvenient extravagance upon our social organization, and if it is not pruned away its name will become as much a by-word as the breakfast party.

MANY people have to leave their houses for a time, during which period, especially in damp seasons, not only the furniture, but also the walls and the paper on them are liable to get damaged by the moisture in the atmosphere. This can be avoided in a simple manner. Before leaving the house the room containing furniture ought to be well fastened, to exclude as much of the outer air as possible, a dish of dry chloride of lime should then be placed in the middle of the apartment, and inside another large empty vessel, intended to receive the water flowing out of the former. The well dried chloride of lime has such an affinity for water that it will attract all the moisture contained in the room, and keep the air perfectly dry, so that no harm can occur to either furniture, books, papers, etc. Care must only be taken to open doors and windows when the apartments are to be occupied, as the dry air is not good for breathing.

MOTHERS who find it hard to keep their boys' clothes in repair should be thankful they have not to deal with the wild Indian boys whom the government is trying to civilize and educate. These untutored children of the plains have never had much acquaintance with clothing of any kind, and they put it to strange uses. Blankets are cut up and decorated for fancy pants, and sheets turned into strings to serve their many purposes. Coat-linings are torn out whenever the wearer has need of them, and whatever is new must be worn in preference to anything else. If a boy had a new summer suit, it is hard to make him understand why he should not wear it in February. They think they ought to be permitted to wear a new pair of cotton overalls to the exclusion of the woolen pants, for a few days, till the novelty of them is gone. The average need of an Indian boy for two years is found to be ten coats, nine pairs of pants, ten pairs shoes, eleven shirts, fourteen pairs socks, nine neckties, six pairs suspenders and eight caps.

THE FIRST.

BY M. T.

She glided o'er the meadow grass,
And through the green young corn;
Sweet as the summer blooms she was,
And fresh as summer morn.
We laughed and loved beside the brook
That sang its gay refrain,
And where we met that day, my love,
We swore to meet again.

But ere the grass was dry and brown
Amid the ripening corn,
Up to the churchyard on the ground
A maiden's corpse was borne.
I weep alone beside the brook,
All swol'n with Autumn rain;
For where we met that day, my love,
We shall not meet again.

"HELD IN HONOR."

BY THE AUTHOR OF "LADY HUTTON'S
WARD," "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT,"
"WEAKER THAN A WOMAN"

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CHAPTER XVI. (CONTINUED.)

"I am almost sorry that I cannot go," said Lord Caledon. "I am told that there is a large party staying at the Court, and that the ball will be an excellent one. There are many people visiting just now in the neighborhood, and one does not mind a drive of a few miles in the summer for a ball such as Lady Avicé gives."

Then and then only it occurred to Lady Iris Fayne that she might probably meet the stranger there. How blind she had been not to think of that before! Of course, if he were staying with any of the county families, he would be there. How could she have overlooked the possibility?

She hastened to her room the moment dinner was over, and rang for her maid.

"Clara," she said, "I have made a great mistake. Instead of not caring about what I wear, I want the most beautiful dress I have! Do you hear, Clara?"

"I hear, my lady; but the time is so short—only one hour before you start. But I will do my best."

And her "best" was charming, for Lady Iris had never looked so fair. Clara had chosen a dress of white silk with a blue velvet train, both dress and train being richly trimmed with pearls. A tara of rare pearls crowned the fair hair and a pearl necklace was clasped round the white throat. Even Lord Caledon was startled by the rare loveliness of his daughter when she came in to say good bye, and he stifled the sigh which rose to his lips.

Lady Iris was very silent during the drive to Hyne Court. She was a little ashamed of her eagerness about her dress, and a little shy respecting her loveliness, for she knew that she had never looked more beautiful.

The party from Chandos were eagerly awaited at Hyne Court. John Bardon did not seem to be quite himself; he walked from one room to another, inspecting the arrangements, looking with critical eyes at the decorations and the flowers, lingering with something like pride in the grand banquet hall, where the tables were laden with gold and silver.

"There is nothing better to be seen at Chandos—I am sure of that," he said—"and Lady Iris will confess it too. With all his grandeur, the Earl of Caledon cannot match that."

It pleased him to think that his splendid table-service outdid the Earl's ancient plate, and that the hall in which he gave his banquets—and right royal ones they were—were more magnificent than the halls at Chandos. There was some little comfort for him in these things. Nevertheless he was restless and uneasy, while his face grew pale at times and his lips trembled.

"She deserves it. I swore to have my revenge—and I will have it," he repeated to himself. "Let it cost me what it may, I will be revenged on her. She almost drove me mad with her scorn, and now she must suffer for it."

He walked round the grounds, and found everything in excellent order. The alleys were to be lighted with colored lamps, the fountains were to play under a lime-light, and in different parts of the grounds bands of music were to be placed, hidden by the trees.

Presently he overtook Captain Osburn, who was enjoying a cigar.

"I think," said John Bardon, "that everything is in order. I cannot see that anything is wanting."

"Nor can I," returned the Captain. "It looks to me like an earthly Paradise. If I never enjoyed a dance in my life before, I shall do so to-night. I have never cared for balls, but this is out of the common groove."

"My wife knows how to entertain," said John Bardon, with some pride.

"Lady Avicé certainly understands everything that is most pleasant," answered Allan.

They had become friends—the handsome soldier and the master of Hyne Court. John Bardon looked upon him with something like admiration, and Allan, although he perceived the other's faults, made allowance for them, and liked John Bardon, of whom he saw only the bright side.

"We shall have some pretty girls here to-night," said John Bardon. "Do you care much about pretty girls, Captain Osburn?"

"I have not had many opportunities to care about them," replied the Captain, smiling.

He had never mentioned his encounter with Lady Iris, although he had longed with all his heart to ask some questions about her.

"You will see some to-night," said John Bardon; "but the most beautiful of all is Lady Iris Fayne, the daughter and heiress of Lord Caledon, of Chandos. You have heard of her, of course?"

"I should say that almost every one in England has heard of Lady Iris Fayne. She is the beauty of the day, is she not?"

"Yes; and she is as proud as—well, as proud as she is beautiful."

"We are all proud, I think," said Captain Osburn, with a smile, "but we show it in different ways. Her pride will not cause me any concern."

"She will not show it to you, Osburn. She is certain to like you—I am sure of that. I will introduce you, and you will see if I am not right."

John Bardon tried to look and behave as usual; but, after this little conversation, he lost his ease and went about with a pale anxious face.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE ball-room at Hyne Court was magnificently lighted and superbly decorated. On either side rose great banks of flowers, interspersed with palms and ferns. Little fountains played in the conservatories, which were lighted by lamps of golden hue, and pretty cool nooks were to be found amongst the greenery.

John Bardon felt very proud of his home as he stood by the side of his wife to welcome her guests.

"Chandos never looked better than this," he told himself; "and even Lady Iris must own it."

Although his house was filled with visitors and the elite of the county were expected at the ball, his thoughts were centred on her. He wondered what she would think, and if by any chance there would cross her mind the faintest shadow of regret when she saw all the glories of Hyne Court as revealed that night.

"She might have done worse than marry me," he thought, "beautiful, wealthy, and noble as she is. But my revenge will be sweet!"

Under some pretext Lady Avicé kept Captain Osburn by her side. Perhaps she thought it added to her dignity to have this magnificent-looking man near her.

There was some little nervousness on John Bardon's part when the party from Chandos entered the room; his face flushed, then grew deathly pale. He bowed to Lady Iris, and stood before her

speechless as his eyes fell upon her marvellous beauty. Then he recovered himself and spoke to her. A ripple of dislike passed over the face of Lady Avicé as the fair queenly girl in the blue velvet and pearls came up to her—a ripple that was succeeded by a smile—and it was seldom well for those upon whom Lady Avicé smiled in that way. She received Lady Iris with stately grace. No one would have dreamed that in her heart there was hatred so bitter that she would have ramped upon the beautiful face if she could, and marred its loveliness.

Lady Avicé turned to the rest of the party, and John Bardon, with a profound bow, with a pale face and trembling lips, with a heart torn by passion, pity, and hate introduced Captain Osburn to Lady Iris.

They smiled slightly as their eyes met; but neither of them, by word or sign, gave any idea that they had met before. Lady Iris was inexpressibly pleased to see her preserver again. She murmured a few words—she never remembered what they were—and he bowed, thinking the whole world did not contain another woman one half so fair.

Lady Iris knew that she must dance the first dance with John Bardon, and she decided to save as many others as she could for Captain Osburn, in case he should ask for them, as she thought he was sure to do.

"You have kept the first dance for me, Lady Iris?" said John Bardon, in a low constrained tone; and, although he hated her, she looked so fair at that moment that he could have worshipped her.

Then Captain Osburn spoke.

"May I ask for one dance, Lady Iris?" he inquired.

She smiled, and, without thinking, placed her tablets in his hand, saying—"You may take what you will."

He chose three waltzes; and then John Bardon and his companion passed on, Lady Iris's hand resting on her former suitor's arm.

"Is Captain Osburn staying with you?" she asked, trying to speak carelessly, but not succeeding very well.

There was something in her voice that betrayed her anxiety, and John Bardon was keen enough to detect it. His heart gave a bound. Was it possible that his plan had begun already to succeed?

"Yes, he is staying with us," he replied; "and very much honored we are by his presence."

She looked at him in wonder; it was seldom that he said so much as that.

"My wife thinks there is no one like him," he continued; "and I agree with her. He is one of the most high-minded and noble men I have ever met."

"You are quite enthusiastic about him, Mr. Bardon. I have never heard you speak of any one so warmly before."

"No," he replied thoughtfully, "I do not think you have; but the truth is, though you may laugh at it and think it absurd, I love the man—no other word expresses it."

Lady Iris liked her companion better at that moment than she had ever liked him before.

"I do not wonder," she said; "and your enthusiasm is catching, Mr. Bardon. Tell me about your friend. What regiment is he in?"

He told her, adding all that he had heard in his praise.

"They tell me," he continued, "that he is one of the most promising officers in her Majesty's service; and that is saying a great deal, is it not?"

"Yes, a great deal; but he looks as though it were true. His friends would have an easier time of it than his foes."

John Bardon laughed—an odd, though she did not detect it, there was a strange weird sound in the laugh.

"I do not often quote poetry," he said—"it is not in my line, but a few words of a verse that I came across years ago fixed themselves in my memory, and I

have never forgotten them. They describe his character exactly."

"What words are they?" she asked curiously.

"The words of Tennyson 'Truest friend and noblest foe'—that is just what he would be; and, to tell you the truth, I would far rather that I were his foe than the friend of another."

"You give him high praise," she said gently. Every word that he uttered—she could not tell why—delighted her.

"I could not speak too highly of him if I were to try," he answered; "and I am not given to exaggeration."

He looked at her face, and must have seen something there that startled him, for his own grew paler and graver.

"Osburn," she said musingly. "It is a good name; but I do not remember to have met any Osburns, except the family of Lord Gower. Does he belong to them?"

"No," replied John Bardon; "he may be, I believe he is, distantly related to them, but the families have not been friendly for many years."

"Is he one of the Osburns of Sketchley?" she asked.

His lips grew whiter, and he paused a moment; then he thought of his revenge. "I will have it," he said to himself—"I will have it, if I suffer afterwards!"

"What did you ask me, Lady Iris?" he inquired, as though he had not heard her words.

"Is he one of the Osburns of Sketchley?" he repeated.

He knew that if he answered affirmatively the falsehood would not be so easily discovered as if he said that he was one of the Gowers.

"Yes," he replied deliberately; "he is one of the Osburns of Sketchley. I could not think of the name."

"Then he is a gentleman!" she cried. "I felt sure of that. He looks like a man of noble birth."

Again John Bardon's heart gave a great bound. Was she falling so readily and easily into the trap?

"You must not speak of Sketchley to him," he said, "as he cannot bear any allusion to it; but he is very wealthy. There is a little romance about him, too."

"Is there? Tell it to me, Mr. Bardon," she requested eagerly.

"I will, if you will give me your word never to repeat it, not even to him; he would never forgive me if you did."

"I will never repeat it—you know that, Mr. Bardon; you know how fully and perfectly you may trust me. What is the romance?"

"I cannot give you all the details," he replied—"he did mention them to me, but I have forgotten them." The fact was that he had not imagination enough to invent a story. "The romance is that he is entitled to much more honor and to a title, but for his mother's sake he has relinquished them."

"How can that be?" she asked eagerly.

"I do not remember; but you must not think there is any dishonor attached to his mother or himself—nothing of that kind. I wish I had a better memory, I never could remember family complications; but when he told me I said to myself that I had never met with such an instance of self-sacrifice."

She did not stop to think whether his story, the story by which he blinded and deluded her, was true or not. Captain Osburn was of gentle birth, and for his mother's sake, in some vague romantic way, he had given up title and fortune. She was not surprised; he seemed capable of any noble action, of any heroic sacrifice. She felt no curiosity to know what he had done; it was sufficient that he had done it.

"Remember your promise that you will never say one word to him," John Bardon went on. "It may be that some day, if he knows you well, he will tell you his story himself. On that day think of me. You may say just this much to him, that I have told you how we first met. This is our dance, Lady Iris." And, as he stood by her side, he wiped great drops of perspiration, arising

either from fear or anguish, from his brow.

Ten minutes afterwards Lady Iris found herself talking to the man to whom she honestly believed she owed her life. It was a novel sensation for her. Hitherto she had accepted with indifference the homage offered to her, not troubling herself in the least to amuse or entertain those who were talking to her; but now she found herself watching her new friend's face to see if his eyes gleamed with amusement; and she exerted herself to interest him.

There was an interval between the dances, and Captain Osburn took her to a seat in the corner of the room which was placed before masses of sweet-smelling flowers.

"It will be better for you to rest a little before the next dance," he gently said.

She could hardly tell how it was, but there was a tone of command in his voice, even while it was most gentle, that seemed to compel obedience. She sat down, and he stood bending over her, his noble figure and dark magnificent face contrasting strongly with her fair and delicate loveliness.

"It seems so strange," she said, "to meet you here. I had begun to think this morning that I should never see you again."

"You honor me then by thinking of me."

She was quite unconscious of all that her words implied, and answered readily—

"Yes, I thought of you. How could I help it when you saved my life?"

"I am not sure that I did that, Lady Iris. I can hardly believe that the fellow, brute as he was, would have killed you."

"I saw murder in his eye," she returned calmly. "I think his heart was so set upon getting money that he would have taken my life. By the-by, what became of him?"

"I sent for the police," he replied, smiling. "I dared not, although I longed to do it, charge him with assault, because your name must in that case have been brought into it, and that I knew you would not like."

"I should have been greatly distressed," she said. "I thank you very much for your thoughtfulness."

"You may rely upon one thing," continued Allan, "that to the last day of his life he will regret having raised his hand against you."

Her face drooped, and she spoke hurriedly.

"Captain Osburn, you must not consider me ungrateful; I may have appeared cold and insensible, but from my near I thank you for your assistance."

She held out her hand to him, and it lay for one moment in his warm clasp. He felt that he could have knelt down before her and have worshipped her; his heart was beating fast, and his pulses throbbed. The beautiful face, all he pride gone from it and softened into tenderness, the sweet voice that seemed to stir his very soul, mastered him for the moment. But he was one of those who did not give way to emotion. With an effort he conquered his feelings, and said—

"I was delighted to render you a service—I cannot tell you how delighted. I shall always consider that day in the green lane as the happiest day of my life."

Just then the first notes of the waltz sounded through the room. Lady Iris looked up with a smile at her companion.

"Do you like dancing?" she asked, smiling.

"Not much," he answered frankly; "nor, to tell you the truth, Lady Iris, do I think that any man really cares much about it. I am more at home on horseback than in a quadrille. I hardly dare to say so; but I think there is something a little effeminate in the pastime."

"Then we will sit here quietly while this dance lasts—that is, if you like to do so."

"It is the greatest favor you can

grant me," he replied. "I had hardly dared to hope for such a pleasure."

So they sat conversing, while the sweet music of the dreamy waltz floated through the room and the fragrance of the flowers reached them. This was for them the first faint dawning of love's young dream—a sweet experience to be remembered by both while life lasted. It was not that they said much while together; but to both was coming swiftly and surely the one great dawn of passion that never returns.

The cessation of the music startled them, and a great wave of color rushed into the girl's face.

"How long we have been sitting here!" she said.

"It has seemed but a few moments to me," he answered; "but I must resign my happiness now for I see dark frowns and anxious faces. Your partners wish to claim you, Lady Iris."

He left her with a bow, and all the brightness seemed to go with him. She was unwilling to leave the pretty nook where she had been so happy, unwilling to give her thoughts to any one else, or to dance. All that she cared to do was to sit still and wait until he returned—sit and think of every word he had uttered, and wonder what he would say when they met next. Her mind was full of him, and every changing expression of the handsome face was before her eyes.

"I knew there were such men in the world," she said to herself. "If they can be found in pictures and poems, why not in real life?"

Then she was forced to give up her dreams. One after another her partners came to her, and she was compelled to dance. Those of her partners who had been accustomed to her wit and delicate satire wondered why she was so silent that night, what the new light on her face and in her eyes meant, why she seemed more beautiful than ever, yet farther from them. Once when there was a longer pause than usual between the dances, Lady Avice came up to her.

"You are looking remarkably well to-night, Lady Iris," she said—which, or the mistress of Hyne Court, was an unusual compliment. It was seldom she admired any one's looks.

"I am very well and very happy," replied the young beauty, "and have never enjoyed a ball so much before, Lady Avice."

A slow smile that was not very pleasant to see came over the elder woman's face.

"I am glad to hear it," she said. "We have some very nice people here; and I consider it the best attended of any ball we have given at the Court."

There was silence for a few moments; and then Lady Avice said—

"Have you been introduced to our esteemed visitor Captain Osburn? I forget."

Her small eyes keenly scrutinized Lady Iris's face, over which a lovely flush spread. The heiress could not control the brightness that shone in her eyes at the sound of his name.

"Yes," she replied. "Mr. Bardon introduced me."

"I consider him," remarked Lady Avice, "an ideal man. What do you think of him, Lady Iris?"

The girl's color deepened; but an answer did not come readily; so Lady Avice went on—

"He has been staying with us for a week, and I am enchanted with him—that is more, I believe, than I have ever said of any man. He is just the man one reads of in stories and poems—the sort of man who makes other men seem commonplace. He is so fearless, and yet so gentle; he has the sweetest of tempers and the kindest of hearts. I have seen him do two things since he has been here that are no doubt characteristic of him."

"What were they?" asked Lady Iris; and she was quite unconscious of the interest her face expressed.

"The first was this. Mr. Bardon recently purchased a pair of horses—certainly the most fiery and mettlesome creatures I have ever seen. The other

day one of the grooms had them out together for exercise. Well, they took fright and started off at a gallop. The man was thrown from his seat and dragged along the ground for some distance. Fortunately Captain Osburn was close by; and he at once sprang forward, and, grasping the bridle of the horse on which the groom had been riding, stopped them. I was out in the grounds at the time, and I expected every moment that he would be kicked to death by the other horse; but no—he stood his ground, and the trembling, panting animals found their master. I never saw a more courageous act."

"What was the other thing he did?" asked Lady Iris.

A smile came over Lady Avice's face that almost beautified it.

"If I have a weakness," she said, "it is for my little Dion. I think there is not another child in the world like him. He fell down a day or two ago—he is just beginning to walk—and Captain Osburn, who had no idea that I was watching, lifted him from the ground; and I saw then how gentle and tender a strong man could be if he chose."

"You seem to admire him very much," said Lady Iris; and there rose in her heart a faint feeling of jealousy even of the baby whom he had raised with kisses and caresses from the ground.

"I must confess," answered Lady Avice, "that I do like Captain Osburn; and I shall be sorry when he leaves us."

The sudden paling of the beautiful face was not lost upon her.

"Leave you?" questioned Lady Iris. "Why, when will he go?"

"Not yet. I hope that he will remain a few weeks now that he is here. He is very much soured after, and receives many invitations—of course that is only to be expected. I tell Mr. Bardon that I do not believe he will leave this neighborhood disengaged. He seems to admire Laura Seymour very much."

"Laura Seymour!" echoed Lady Iris. "Who is she? I do not know her."

"The new Rector's daughter, a fine handsome girl—a brunette—something in his own style. I hear that he admires her very much;" and again a smile came over Lady Avice's face as she noticed that the color did not return to Lady Iris's.

They could see him in the distance, the tall soldierly figure, and the dark noble-looking head towering above the rest.

"He is a fine looking man," said Lady Avice. "My husband will have it that he is one of the finest-looking men in the Army. If I were a queen, I should like a body-guard of such men."

Lady Iris laughed; but she was not pleased in her heart. What right had Lady Avice to think so much of him?

There was an evil smile on the pale face as Lady Avice said—

"My husband tells me that he is one of the Osburns of Sketchley; and they have some of the oldest and the best blood in England in their veins."

"I should take him for a prince," said Lady Iris, "if I judged from appearances," and Lady Avice felt quite satisfied with her night's work.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ball at Hyne Court showed no signs of flagging. And after the lapse of an hour Lady Iris Fayne was again sought by Captain Osburn; and presently they stood in the brilliantly-lighted conservatory, where the warm air was laden with fragrance and more than one pair of lovers had sought refuge. Her interest in him had deepened and grown stronger from what she had heard from Lady Avice, while every moment his love for her throve and increased. She was anxious to know if there were any truth in the rumour about Laura Seymour; not that it mattered in the least to her, she was careful to say to herself, but it was well to be acquainted with these things. He was not the kind of man one could banter about love; still she was bent upon knowing the truth. So Lady Iris set to work to

extract the desired information from him.

Of course, she said to herself as she opened her fan, it could not matter to her, it was no business of hers. She had no right to interfere, but he was interested. Therefore, if he were likely to admire or care for any one in the neighborhood, she ought to know it. She would not admit to herself that there was the faintest shadow of jealousy in her thoughts. She looked at him, and her eyes fell before the evident admiration expressed in his.

"Have you been staying long at the Court?" she asked, intending to reach her point by degrees, and quite unconscious that Lady Avice had merely told her of Laura Seymour in order to increase her interest by arousing a little jealousy.

"A week—perhaps a day or two more," he replied; "I almost forget. The only thing of which I am quite certain is this, that for the last few days I have kept no account of time nor can I tell how it has passed!"

"Do you know many people in the neighborhood of King's Forest?" she asked.

"N, none many, Lady Iris."

"Have you called upon the new Rector yet?"

"Yes, I know him very well. Doctor Seymour, you mean? He is a gentleman and a scholar, I admire him, and I often go to the Rectory."

Then their eyes met; and, though she did not know it, in hers there was just a faint shadow of reproach. "Some one has been telling her that I admire Miss Seymour," he thought, his keen instinct, his quick power of perception, making her thoughts clear to him.

"It is a very happy household," he continued. "The Rector is a thorough gentleman, his wife a kind of amiable lady, and his daughter a bright clever girl."

The tone in which he spoke relieved her. If he cared for Laura Seymour, he would not mention her name so lightly.

"It is very amusing," he went on, "to hear Mr. Seymour talk to her daughter. She thinks the highest vocation a woman can have is to be a clergyman's wife, and she is training her daughter for it. I was both amused and touched by it. I hope fervently that Mrs. Seymour will be rewarded by seeing her daughter marry a bishop!"

Lady Iris laughed a glad little laugh that showed a light heart. She raised her smiling eyes to his.

"They told me you admired Laura Seymour," she said rankly. "I did not think it was true."

"It is not true, not in the sense in which they have used the word. I admire the whole family, but not one member more than another."

She did not understand the sudden sweet sensation of relief that came to her, and she went to meet her fate more blindly than most girls. She walked to the end of the conservatory where a group of shrubs with golden blossoms stood. She looked in at fair and queenly in her blue velvet and pearls, with a faint flush on her face and the love-light in her eyes. She placed herself in front of the mass of green foliage and golden blossoms, the light from the lamps shining full upon her face; and he, standing before her, read some slight embarrassment in it.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

NEW DEFINITIONS.—Housewifery, an ancient art, said to have been fashionable among girls and wives; now out of use, or practised only by the lower orders. Wealth, the most respectable quality of man. Friend a person who will not assist you, because he knows your love will excuse him. Bargain, a ludicrous transaction, in which each party thinks he has cheated the other. Doctor, a man who kills you to-day, to save you from dying to-morrow. Jury, twelve prisoners in a box, to try one or more at the bar. Tragedian, a fellow with a tin pot on his head, who stalks about the stage, and gets in a violent passion for so much a night.

The FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP

In the hands of a Sensible, Intelligent, Refined, Honorable Person, The Frank Siddalls Soap never fails to take away all the hard work of wash-day, and make Clothes clean, sweet and white without hard rubbing, and without Scalding or Boiling a single piece.

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HOW TO TELL A SENSIBLE WOMAN.

A Sensible Woman don't get mad when she is told of improved ways of doing housework, but is always glad to hear of them, and is willing to try them when brought to her notice.

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HOW TO TELL A WOMAN OF REFINEMENT.

A Woman of Refinement will be pleased to have the opportunity of doing away with the nasty, filthy smell from scalding and boiling Clothes, and with the unhealthy steam that injures health and ruins wall paper and furniture.

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HOW TO TELL AN INTELLIGENT WOMAN.

An Intelligent Woman will have no trouble in following the directions for using The Frank Siddalls Soap, so simple and easy that a child can understand them and carry them out.

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HOW TO TELL AN HONORABLE WOMAN.

An Honorable Woman would scorn to do so mean an action as to buy an article which is guaranteed to save the health and strength of overworked women unless she intended to follow directions so strongly insisted on.

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AND NOW DONT GET THE OLD WASH-BOILER MENDED! BUT NEXT WASH-DAY PUT ASIDE ALL LITTLE NOTIONS AND PREJUDICES AND GIVE ONE HONEST TRIAL

TO THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY OF WASHING CLOTHES.

The Frank Siddalls Soap, and The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes, is endorsed not only by such Leading Secular Papers of the country as *The Philadelphia Record* and *Times*, *The Norristown Herald*, *The Burlington Hawkeye*, &c., but by such Religious Papers as *The Christian at Work* and *The Christian Advocate*, both of New York City, and both of them recognized as authorities among the Religious Press of the country, and this Advertisement would not be inserted in this Paper if there was any Humbug about it!

READ THE FOLLOWING CAREFULLY BEFORE SENDING FOR A CAKE FOR TRIAL,

For the Soap will not be sent unless a Promise comes to Use it on a Regular Family Wash, and by THE FRANK SIDDALLS WAY of Washing Clothes.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING

If you reside at a place where The Frank Siddalls Soap is not sold, send 10 cents in money or stamps to the Office, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia. Say in your Letter that it shall be used on a Regular Family Wash, and by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes. In return you will get a cake of the grandest Toilet, Bath, Shaving, and General Household Soap in the world, sufficient to do a good size wash. It will be put in a neat metal box that will cost 6 cents, 15 cents in postage-stamps will be put on, and I'll send you for 10 cents. Only one piece will be sent to each person writing, and only when wanted to use on a family wash. The same Soap is used for all purposes; but if wanted for Toilet or Skin Diseases, 30 cents must be sent to cover the actual cost of Soap, postage and box.

Only one kind of Soap, but used for all purposes.

Only use lukewarm water, no matter how soiled the wash is, for The Frank Siddalls Soap does NOT depend on Hot Water nor on hard rubbing. Even when washing for Farmers, Machinists, or Laborers, never use very warm water. This is contrary to the usual rule, but is the way to use The Frank Siddalls Soap.

Even a person of ordinary Intelligence will know that Soap that is beneficial to the skin cannot possibly injure Clothing, no matter if used for a long time.

If too set in old ways to try The Frank Siddalls Soap and the Frank Siddalls Way of using it, SEND FOR A PAMPHLET.

The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes; Easy, Genteel, Neat, Clean, and Lady-like.

First: Dip one of the pieces in the tub of water; draw it out on the washboard, and soap it lightly, especially where you see any dirt or soiled places. Then roll up the article in a tight roll, just as a piece is rolled when sprinkled for ironing, and lay it back in the tub in the water out of the way—and so on with each piece until all are soaped and rolled up. Then go away for twenty minutes or longer—one hour is just the thing!—and let the Soap do its work.

Next: After standing the full time, commence by rubbing a piece lightly on the washboard, when all the dirt will drop out. Turn each piece inside out while washing it, so as to get at the seams; but don't use any more Soap, and don't wash through two suds, but get all the dirt out in the first suds.

Next comes the rinsing. Each piece must be lightly washed through a lukewarm rinse water on the washboard without using any Soap until all the dirty suds are out. [Every smart housekeeper will know just how to do this.]

Next comes the blue water. [Use scarcely any blueing.] Stir a piece of Soap in the blue water until the water is decidedly soapy; put the clothes through this soapy blue water and out on the line without any more rinsing, and without scalding or boiling a single piece. The clothes will not smell of the Soap, but will be as sweet as if never worn. Don't put clothes to soak over night; it makes them harder to wash, and is not a clean way. Don't try on part of the wash; try it on the entire wash. The Soap washes freely in hard water. Don't use Soda or Borax. The White Flannels are to be washed with the other white pieces.

READ THIS BEFORE SENDING.

The Frank Siddalls Soap Proves to be a Wonderful Cure for Skin Diseases,

ENTIRELY SUPERSSEDING THE USE OF OINTMENTS AND SALVES.

By washing freely with The Frank Siddalls Soap, and leaving on plenty of the rich, creamy lather, and not allowing any Ointment or any other Soap, or any other application to touch the skin, it has never been known to fail to cure old stubborn Ulcers, Ringworm, and all itching and scaly humors on the body, and the terrible scaly incrustations that sometimes are found on the heads of children. It will soon be used in every Almshouse, Hospital and Dispensary in the country.

If you have an Ingrowing Toe Nail, Itching Piles, Tetter, Salt Rheum, or any trouble from sore surfaces of the skin, no matter how many years' standing, try Frank Siddalls Soap. If Ingrowing Toe Nail, press some of the Soap between the nail and tender flesh. It is a splendid DENTIFRICE, cleaning the mouth as well as the teeth, and purifies the breath.

Remember, it does not soil the garments or bedclothing like ointments always do.

CURES CHAPPED HANDS AND PIMPLES ON THE FACE.

A Pamphlet Showing Mode of Use is now ready, and will be furnished on application.

Just think what you will save by this Easy Way of Washing! No Wash-boiler! No Steam! No Smell of Suds through the house! It has the remarkable property of Washing Freely in Hard Water, and does not require the aid of Borax, Soda, Lye, Washing Crystal, Ammonia, or any Washing Preparation whatever. In places where water is very scarce, or has to be carried a long distance, it is an important fact that The Frank Siddalls Soap only requires about one fourth of the water that is needed where other Soap is used—four or five pails of water being sufficient with this Soap, where other Soap would require a barrel.

It is better for Shaving than any Shaving Soap; better for Toilet and Bath than any Toilet Soap; better and cheaper (for it can be made to go further) for all common uses. Don't get the old wash-boiler mended, for a tea kettle will heat enough water for a large wash when the clothes are washed by The Frank Siddalls Way of Washing Clothes.

ASK YOUR GROCER FOR IT, AND SEE THAT YOU GET WHAT YOU ASK FOR. TRY IT NEXT WASH-DAY.

Address all letters to Office of FRANK SIDDALLS SOAP, 718 Callowhill Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Our Young Folks.

ALL FOR THE BEST.

BY F. HENRY DOYLE

ANDREAS HOFF lived a great many years ago, in one of the country parts of Germany.

He was the twelve year son of an humble farmer, who managed to honorably make his way through the world by raising vegetables and other products which he sold in the neighboring city.

For various reasons he found it impossible to hire any assistance, so that the whole labor of the farm fell upon Andreas and him self.

The latter was in the habit of rising long before daybreak, harnessing his single horse and riding away with his load of stuff for the market. There he would dispose of it, and returning early have a good deal of time for the other work.

Though he was thus compelled to exert himself, Mr. Hoff was very thoughtful towards his son. He would never allow him to be waked in the morning until absolutely necessary.

"It is bad enough that we have to keep him from school almost the year round," he used to say to his wife, "without keeping him in the field from sunrise to sunset."

The result of this kind ness was that to lie in bed until the sun had been shining for hours had become a second nature to Andreas. And there is no use denying that he grumbled considerably when ever anything out of the usual course required that he should rise before his accustomed time.

One night, between spring and summer, there had been a heavy rain, and a dam on Mr. Hoff's place threatened to break with the sudden rise of water. He was up almost the entire night trying to prevent such a disaster, by strengthening the breast of the dam with props and other means of support.

He had orders the following morning for a lot of vegetables to be delivered in the city. If he failed to deliver them on time, it would not be only so much immediate injury, but might end in losing several of his best customers.

It was impossible for him to go himself on account of the flood, so there was nothing left but that Andreas should go. He knew the way to the city, having been there with his father several times on holidays and other leisure occasions.

So he was awakened and got up with no very good grace, you may be sure. The road was muddy, and though it was nearly daylight, the still threatening sky made everything look gloomy.

The old horse was harnessed up, the cart loaded, and after receiving some advice to be careful about the money he would receive, and return as quickly as possible he started off.

As he went on, his heart was full of bitter reflections. He wondered about all sorts of things. He wondered why rain storms had to come, why dams must overflow, why he wasn't rich so he might lie in bed all day if he wanted to, and so on, until he at last concluded that everything in the world was wrong, and nothing as it ought to be.

He reached the city however in due time, though in little better humor than when he started. It did not take long to dispose of his load, as his father's customers were anxiously waiting his coming.

He received the price from them, and it happened to be a rather large sum. It was so large indeed to Andreas that the sense of being thought worthy of having so much trusted to him put him in better spirits. Just then, too, the sun shone out for a moment and gave promise of a pleasant day after all.

So he bade good bye to his friends and turned the horse's head homeward. Pacing along the country road he allowed him to have his own way, and as it went fleetly along, he watched with delight the water drops on the trees, sparkling like numberless diamonds in the sunshine.

But all of a sudden he saw the horse walking somewhat lame, and getting out to ascertain the cause, he noticed that the animal had lost a shoe. This was perhaps not much of a calamity in itself, only it would prevent his early arrival home, and, of course, increase his parents' anxiety.

Once more he began to wonder why it was that things would so persist in going wrong, and wondered if any boy in the world was as unfortunate as he was.

Still he trudged on, but after awhile, to add to his discontent, the sky began to cloud over, and in a few minutes it commenced raining heavily. What a situation! He was rapidly becoming wrenched to the skin he did not dare drive the horse fast on account of the shoe, and he was still a mile or two from home.

By this time he was in such a bad humor that he could not have himself told what he was wondering about. But it was more than likely it was the old story of a thing going right.

Now the part of the road in which he had just entered was the loneliest on the whole route. And as he was passing a thick clump

of woods, his heart leaped in his mouth with fear as he heard a noise in the bushes behind him on the road.

He looked back started, and saw a rough looking man, who carried a gun in his hand. He was evidently trying to catch up with Andreas, but he could do no more than limp as one of his legs was seemingly injured, being wrapped in a bandage.

As he noticed Andreas watching him, he tried to speak kindly, and said:

"Stop, little boy. I want to talk to you."

But Andreas more frightened than before struck the horse with his whip and started him faster.

The man observed the action, and raising the gun to his shoulder, aimed it straight at him.

"If you don't halt," he cried fiercely, "I will shoot you!"

Had Andreas been able in his fear to comprehend him, he might have stopped, but he was so excited he only lashed the animal in to faster speed.

Still aiming, the man drew the trigger, but there was no report, and with a violent oath he stood a moment looking after the cart, and then again dragged himself into the wood.

The boy never knew how he reached home, but the way he dashed into the yard almost terrified his parents out of their wits. When he had collected himself somewhat, he managed to tell his adventure.

His father, without delay, informed his nearest neighbors. Search was made and the man was captured. He proved to be an escaped prisoner, who had already murdered several persons, and who certainly would have shot Andreas if accident had not prevented.

He was returned to the prison he had escaped from, and Andreas and his parents often spoke of that horrible morning. He had told them all the particulars, and out of their wise comments gained much in the way of wisdom.

If, Andreas, his father once concluded, "the horse had not fallen lame, you would have passed the wood before it began raining. And if it had not been raining, the powder in the pan of the convict's gun would not have been wet, and you would certainly have been murdered. Therefore, what you looked upon as evils then were in reality blessings and another proof that it is true that all things are for the best."

RULES FOR BANK CUSTOMERS.—The following rules are recommended to the attention of those who do business at banks. They will be the means of saving a great deal of time and money and annoyance—by not following them:

1. If you have any business with a bank, put it off until four o'clock or, if possible, a little later, as it looks more business-like to rush in as the bank is closing.

2. Never put a stamp on a check before you get to the bank, but give the teller two cents, and ask him to lick it and cancel it for you. The teller expects to lick all stamps. It will save him buying his lunch.

3. In depositing money try to get it up side down, and wrong end foremost, so that the teller may have a little exercise in straightening it up before counting it.

4. It is better not to take your bank book with you, but call at another time and have your deposit entered. You can thus make two trips to the bank where one would serve.

5. If a check is made payable to your order, be careful not to endorse it before paying it to the teller, but let him return it to you and wait while you endorse it. This helps to pass the time and is a pleasure and relief to the teller.

6. You can generally save time when making a deposit by counting down your money to the teller, as you can nearly always count more speedily and correctly than he.

7. If you make a deposit of \$100 and give a check to \$50, it is a good thing to call frequently at the bank and ask how your account stands, as it impresses the officers favorably with your business qualifications.

8. Never keep any record when your notes fall due, and then, if they are protested, censure the bank for not giving you notice.

9. Always date your checks ahead; it is a never failing sign you keep a good balance in bank; or, if you do not wish it generally known that you are doing a good business, do not deposit your money until about the time you expect your check to be in.

10. In depositing money never make out a deposit ticket. The teller has the blanks in his case for that purpose, and expects to make them out him self. It annoys him to have you offer to do it. Besides if others are waiting it gives them a chance to exercise patience, which is a great virtue.

11. In receiving money from a teller, never say in advance how you want it, but hand back each note separately and ask him to break it.

A strict observance of the foregoing rules will make your account desirable to any bank and make you a general favorite to all the bank officers, and enable you to save money.

A blessed thing about hanging a man is that he can't take the lecture field afterward.

THE GOVERNESS.

BY MAUD MURRAY.

BY all means insist upon upon Mr. Carroll's coming. Ralph—it would hardly be a success in my opinion at least without him. If Mr. Carroll will only come and be pleased with us all, and especially you, Juliette—

Mrs. Cunningham soon Ralph interrupted her just a little incoherently.

"Mother, aren't you ashamed? Forrest would not come near the house even to oblige me if he thought you went to angle for him because he happens to be rich, handsome, and desirable. Still I wish he would take a notion to you, only I perfectly despise sabbings."

Ralph went off in search of his friend Carroll, to find him in his room, standing before a marble top table, on which lay a parcel he had just opened and which contained a white silk slipper—most exquisitely shaped and daintily small.

"A woman's slipper on your table, Carroll. Where did you get it?"

Cunningham picked it up curiously, admiringly, and laughed smugly.

"I picked it up on the desk of the boat yesterday; that I have fallen in love with the woman who can wear such an aristocratic slipper—and that it is henceforth my business to find its fair owner, and to say my fortune, my name, my heart, at her feet."

Ralph laughed and replied:

"My mother and sister send their warm regards, inviting you, and hope you have not quite forgotten your old friends on whom you used to call years ago when Jessie was quite a child. There's to be a week of fun rampant to celebrate Juliette's twenty-first birthday. Do consent and have your valise packed in time for the five fifty five train."

"You offer a terrible temptation to a fellow, Cunningham. It's just here, Ralph. If I stay, I shall lose no time finding my other slipper and its owner and wearer. If I go down in a quiet little country—"

"See here Carroll. By Jove, what a fool I am. My sister is noted for her pretty foot, and I am dead sure she and Jessie came to the city yesterday, and ten to one she brought slippers for the entertainment of a hundred to one she lost one of 'em; it's just like her."

"Your lovely little sister Juliette, whom I remember had the prettiest of faces and fairest of forms when I saw her last—let's see—nearly six years ago. Bless you, Cunningham, I'll go."

"And take the lonely unmade slipper, Carroll, by all means."

"By all means, and Cupid becomes in the hunt for my Cinderella."

And at five fifty five the train carried the two handsome men, toward Cliff-wan Villa.

"And that is Juliette Cunningham. Well—"

And looking through the intervening room between where he sat and into which he was conscious, both by hearing and feeling, that a woman was coming. Mr. Carroll saw a slender, gracefully exquisite girl coming rapidly towards him all unaware of his presence.

A girl with a face as pure and white as ivory, with magnificent dusky hair and heavy straight brows.

Just then in dismay a laughing little mischief of six or seven came rushing in, curls and hair flying, white teeth shining and blue eyes flashing.

"O Mr. Carroll, please, please hide me! Ralph said you were here, and Miss May wants me to practice, and I won't practice when we've got company. Mamma and Juliette're coming. I hear 'em; they'll send me off to that horrid old piano—oh, please let me stay 'cause I like you."

Carroll laughed and put his arm reassuringly around the child's waist.

"You haven't told me who you are, but I can guess; you are Jessie, aren't you? But who's Miss May?"

He drew the sunny little head to his breast caressingly.

"Oh, she's my governess, and—oh, ain't she sweet? I just love her, Mr. Carroll."

"Then I am jealous."

She looked gravely at him.

"Well, I'll love you too, if you'll promise you won't tease me and pull my curls like Ralph does, nor—"

And Mrs. Cunningham sailed in, rustling her black satin skirts, and greeted him effusively, while Juliette, charmingly frank, welcomed him ardently, and thought if only the Fates would be propitious.

And Jessie was sent off, post haste to the horrid piano.

"And tell Miss Dorian not to let you return until I send for you, Jessie."

So he had the name at last—May Dorian, and that was the beginning, when Juliette Cunningham saw his admiring glances whenever Miss Dorian came where he was, and his courteous attention when it was required of him.

It is outrageous, mamma absolutely appalling, the way Jessie's governess allows a guest of the family to flirt with her. Why, she surely ought to know better than to lower herself so. If you don't tell her, I certainly shall if I see any more of it."

And the very same day because she met Carroll and Miss Dorian and Jessie standing on the balcony enjoying the brilliant mid-winter sunset, Juliette took it upon herself to administer a very sharp caustic rebuke, "Jessie will catch cold. Miss Dorian! You ought to know better than be standing here. Don't let me have the necessity of reminding you of your duty again."

And Carroll set his teeth together to see the look of wounded pain that swept over May's sweet, proud face, as without a word, she took Jessie's hand and led her into the house.

That evening for the closing of the various birthday festivities they had a tableau—the closing event of the evening—Cinderella, in four scenes. In the first, May Dorian was obliged to take the part of the ravished heroine, at Carroll's grave, pathetic request.

"It will require two ladies to represent the character," he explained. "One as Cinderella before the fairy transformation, and one after. And in the last scene, where the prince finds the slipper, it would take so long to change the costume that the effect would be destroyed. Miss Dorian and Mrs. Cunningham are nearest of a size, and the face can be averted in Miss Dorian's part."

So to oblige May Dorian allowed herself to be dressed in an old ragged forlorn dress, Juliette was most gorgeously arrayed in the golden throne and attire that became her so well. While, by common acclamation, Forrest Carroll was chosen the fairy prince.

And to there came little quivers of yearning pain in sweet May Dorian's heart as she tried to put him out of her mind, out of her heart, into which he had gone and thrown himself, despite herself.

Then came the final scene, when Juliette extended one dainty silken stockinged foot on the crimson cushion held by a courtier, while the prince, on "tendered knees, triumphantly fitted the slipper."

Only it didn't fit, and it was almost more than Carroll could do to gravely contain himself while Juliette made desperate little plunges to get her foot in the slipper he produced; and then to see the look of chagrin on her face at her inability.

"You bought a child's shoe, Mr. Carroll. It's not much too large for Jessie."

Juliette whispered her angry little complaint just as the curtain went down.

Carroll laughed and shook his head; he had no time to answer for there was just barely time for Juliette to fly off the stage and May Dorian to take her place.

And then the curtain went up, with May standing surrounded by the courtiers, one perfect foot extended, exactly fitted by the slipper, and her sweet face full of a sad surprise that found words after the curtain went down finally.

"Where did you get my slipper? I lost it over a week ago, and I have looked everywhere in vain. And now to find it on my foot!"

Carroll smiled.

"The hour I found it I thought I lost my heart to the woman who owned it, May, but I lost it more hopelessly the hour I found you my little girl. I love you. Tell me here, now, may I be the veritable prince who may beautifully and possess your life? Sweet, your answer."

And after due time it was very discreet in Mrs. Cunningham and Juliette to be exceedingly gracious to Mrs. Forrest Carroll, whose life has been like the realization of the fairy story in which her happiness was told her.

THROWING THE HATCHET.—In the fourteenth century the situation of public executioner to the city of Florence became vacant, and as it was a place of considerable emolument there were three candidates. A day was appointed for public display of their several abilities. The first candidate, with a knife, cleverly separated the head of the victim from his shoulders. He was outdone by the rapid stroke of the second, whose glittering broadsword struck terror into the hearts of the surrounding multitude. The third and least promising held in his hand a short hatchet, and when the victim was extended with his head on the fatal block, approaching him, and in a low whisper inquired if he was a swift runner and if he could swim well. On being answered in the affirmative, he dashed him to spring to his feet and cross the river. The executioner then put on a fierce look swung his weapon round his head, but instead of making it descend upon the devoted creature's neck, a rack it with great force into the black! Shouts of execration rose from the crowd, and the trembling wretch, astonished at his wonderful escape, had nearly gained the opposite bank of the river before any steps were taken to pursue him. He had scarcely, however, gone ten yards on dry land, when the executioner, taking steady aim, threw his hatchet with such effect that the body continued running some time after the head was off. From this rather improbable incident the common phrase of throwing the hatchet is said to be derived.

A great hardship—An iron steamer.

WHAT I'D DO.

BY SAMUEL LOVER.

"What will ye do, love, when I am going
With white sails flowing
The seas beyond;
What will ye do, love, though waves divide us,
And friends will chide us,
For being told?"

"Though waves divide us
And friends may chide us,
In faith abiding I'll still be true;
I'll pray for you on the stormy ocean
With deep devotion,
That's what I'll do."

"What would ye do, love, if distant tidings
Your fond confidings
Should undermine
And I abiding nigh foreign skies
Should think other eyes
Were as bright as thine?"

"Oh, name it not, love; though guilt and shame
Were on your name
I'd still be true;
But that heart of thine—should another share it
I could not bear it—
That's what I'd do."

"What would you do, love, if home returning
Is hopes high burning,
And wealth for you,
If my bark that bounded on foreign foam
Should be lost near home—
What would you do?"

"So thou wert spared I'd bless the morrow,
In want and sorrow,
That left me you;
And I'd welcome thee from the stormy billow,
This heart thy pillow—
That's what I'd do."

BENEATH THE POLE.

THE ice-region of the North Pole is full of marvelous grandeur and mystery. For nearly the whole year, its frozen waters and land are seen phenomena varying almost beyond imagination. In a space of some fifteen hundred miles diameter are immense masses and fields of solid ice, varying from eight to fourteen feet in thickness, and in parts thrown up into enormous ridges, sometimes forty feet high.

If it be the open season of summer, sometimes the sun does not look round, but oval; or perhaps there may appear to be four suns, or at night four moons, lighting up the icebergs. In winter also, the whole of one part of the heavens is often illuminated by the splendid Aurora Borealis. In summer, there is no sunset for weeks; and during winter there is total darkness for a like period. The cold is intense. In winter or spring the register is generally from thirty to sixty degrees below zero.

It is through such a region as this that explorers in ships have to make their way. By watching breaks in the ice in the brief summer, they do it. When winter comes again, however, they are frozen fast. During winter, all hands are employed in making preparation for spring traveling. Then, when March arrives, sledges are packed, officers and men appointed, and away these hardy explorers go, over ice and snow, along barren shores in unknown wastes, hundreds and hundreds of miles, with but the slightest hesitation.

But the better to understand this, let us try and picture to some as it actually occurred. Upon the solid ice there, you might have seen a congregation of what look like human beings. Sledges and Eskimodogs are with them. Officers as well as sailors, numbering about a hundred, are dressed in uncouth garbs that make them look anything but civilized men. Furs are worn by those who can get them, and woollens lined with fur by others. Also masks for the nose, and goggles for preserving the eyes. It is very cold, and every protection is needed to prevent frost-bite. No one is left by himself. Companionship is absolutely necessary, in order that the constantly kept look out upon the other's face, and when frost attacks the nose and other exposed parts of the face, it is at first unheeded by the sufferer himself. His companion, as soon as he sees symptoms of this, takes up a handful of snow, and rubs the affected part hard for a few moments, and thus prevents any spread of the mischief.

The sledge, when loaded with provisions, tents, spare clothing, instrument, a carmine, and spirits of wine for fuel, generally weighs about one thousand two hundred pounds, or say one hundred and ninety pounds per man. This weight, then, eight men have to pull along over the ice, some of it rough, and of some amongst thrown-up ridges, as best they can. A belt round each man is then attached to a rope belonging to the sledge, and thus should it happen, as is sometimes the case, that one of the men falls through a broken bit of ice, he is speedily pulled out again.

When dinner hour arrives, the party halts for a short time to eat the allowance previously made up for each person. Then they drink their small quantity of rum, a proceeding which is usually accomplished while running up and down the ice. Keep up the circulation and escape being frost-bitten. The pork waled has been cooked on board is always so hard that it breaks like biscuit; and the drinking utensils are usually covered with a non-conducting substance to prevent the cold from taking the skin off the lips.

But night is the worst part of the time—that is, the sleeping period. When the day's march of perhaps ten miles is ended, the tent is pitched on as comfortable a piece of ice as can be found. Generally, it has four small holes in the top to permit the escape of steam and breath, which otherwise condenses and falls in a shower of fine snow. A waterproofed floor cloth is laid upon the ice, and upon this is placed another of canvas. The whole party, officers and all, then make themselves as comfortable as they can together in the narrow fur boots they wear, their feet in moose-skin slippers, and, without undressing, get into bags made of stout blankets and about seven feet long, so as to cover head and all. Then throwing themselves down upon the covered, necked like herring in a barrel, they seek sleep.

In the morning, when aroused by him whose turn it is to watch all the misery of Arctic traveling is then experienced. Who is there that has not some idea of this? What is occasionally felt after a night's watching or abstinence from rest? Judge then what it must be there in a solitary tent on the ice.

Crains of Gold.

Seek not to please the world, but your own conscience.

Who has not mastered himself, by whom can he not be overcome?

Kindness is the golden chain by which society is bound together.

Earnestness of purpose can spring only from strong convictions.

Our actions are our own; their consequences belong to Heaven.

Truth is the foundation of all knowledge, and the cement of all society.

Traits of character which you seek to conceal, you had better seek to reform.

It is better to improve by other people's errors than to find fault with them.

Never judge by appearance. A seedy coat may cover a heart in full bloom.

That laughter costs too much which is purchased by the sacrifice of decorum.

Let him who regrets the loss of time make proper use of that which is to come in the future.

Good intentions are at least the seed of good actions; and every man ought to sow them.

He who gives himself airs of importance, only exhibits the credentials of impotence.

The sublimity of wisdom is to do these things living which are desired to be when dying.

The road to ruin is always kept in good order, and those who travel it pay the expenses.

There's very little use in making to-day cloudy because to-morrow is likely to be stormy.

After all, the most natural beauty in the world is honesty and moral truth, for all truth is beauty.

My youth has ruined himself by for getting his identity and trying to be somebody else.

Truth, whether in or out of fashion, is the measure of knowledge, and the business of the understanding.

There is no calendar in Heaven. God will give us just as much power in the months as in any other.

When religion is made a science, there is nothing more intricate; when it is made a duty, nothing more easy.

When once infidelity can persuade men that they shall die like beasts, they will soon be brought to live like beasts.

I look upon indolence as a sort of suicide; for the man is effectually destroyed, though the appetite of the brute may survive.

Read not to contradict or confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider.

So live that when old age has crept upon you, you will have less than years to offer in evidence of the long road you have passed over.

If thou wouldst find much favor and peace with God and man, be very low in thine own eyes. Forgive thyself little, and others much.

We shall never learn our real calling, or secure our destiny till we have taught ourselves to consider everything as subordinate compared with the education of the heart.

Many persons who take through another's character with a fine-tooth comb, to discover a fault, could find one with far less trouble by going over their own character with a rake.

The happiness of your life depends upon the quality of your thoughts; therefore guard accordingly and take care that you entertain no notions unsuitable to virtue and unreasonable to nature.

Shall we repine at a little misplaced charity, when we could no way foresee the effect—when an all-knowing all-wise Being showers down every day his benefits on the unthankful and undeserving?

We ought always to deal justly, not only with those who are just to us, but likewise with those who endeavor to injure us; and this, too, for fear lest, by rendering them evil for evil, we should fall into the same vice.

Be that you are proud; but let your pride be of the right kind. Be too proud to be lazy; too proud to give up without conquering; ever ready to be in company that you cannot keep up within expenses; too proud to be stingy.

A Wonderful Remedy.

Mr. R. P. Lewis, of East Saginaw, Michigan, writes to the editor of the *Lancet* (Ind.)

Arguing: "I wish you would allow me to use my own signature, a word in behalf of a remarkable curative agent—Compound Oxygen. It is not a medicine but a vitalizer, and its effects are natural, direct and permanent. It is used in cases of risk or inconvenience of any kind. I speak from both observation and experience. I was induced to try it by the recommendations of such men as T. S. Arthur and J. J. Kelley, and also a personal friend, and have found it more than was promised. This was over six months ago, and the good effects have been permanent. A gain of fourteen pounds in six weeks was the avowed result, but my general spirits were heightened up at least a ton. There are three other men here who have tried the Compound Oxygen with ever more striking results, and I am acquainted with the history of each case. One of them lost his voice last winter, and was so run down in general health that little hope was entertained of his recovery. The Oxygen cured him without a change of climate or stopping of work, and he was able to go on as usual. Another, who had worked for years as a paying teller in a bank and was all used up and expected to live beyond a month or two, too expectant, and is a hundred percent better and recovered rapidly. Another, who was in the last stages of consumption, has tried it and is greatly improved. He tells me he would have been dead long ago but for this remedy. I have no axe to grind in making this statement, and if you should not publish it I would lose nothing by the refusal, though if you should others might be benefited, which is all the end I have sought to compass. Any who may desire to investigate the claims made for this new and natural remedy, can receive pamphlet testimonials, etc., by sending five cents to Messrs. TARKER & ALLEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Reminiscences.

Chicago and St. Louis have decided not to have married women for school teachers.

Every lady should belong to an archery club, as skill in drawing a bow is very useful.

A certain writer says: "Life is a desert marriage and divorce are the same thing, only differently spelt."

Blossoms of embroidered muslin and sleeveless encaustic jackets of olive green are considered pretty for morning wear.

Young ladies and elephants attain their growth at eighteen. But here analogy ceases. One trunk is enough for an elephant.

Here is another attempt to deprive woman of her rights. A male wretch has got up an invention to prevent the slamming of doors.

Thirty days after a Michigan man got a divorce from his wife to marry one with a handsome face the divorced woman fell heir to \$57,000.

A Georgia girl has two silk dresses made entirely by herself. She raised the cocoons, spun the silk, colored and wove it with her own hands.

Somehow men distrust woman's strength, since fellows are so afraid a girl will fall off the sofa, that they keep a grip around her waist the whole evening.

It is to the fair sex we owe the most shining qualities of which ours is master; as the ancients insinuated, by painting both the virtues and graces as females.

A woman of fifty-seven is applying for her third divorce from a man of sixty-four, in Iowa, the grounds being the same as in the two previous cases—cruel treatment.

A movement has been inaugurated in Berlin for the abolition of the present style of female dress and the substitution of "a qualitative form of attire for the lower as well as the upper limbs."

If a girl has pretty teeth she laughs often. If she's got a pretty foot she'll wear a short dress, and if she's got a neat hand she's fond of a game of whist, and if the reverse, she dislikes all these small affairs.

A girl recently took a bottle of chloroform to school in a New York town, and applied the liquid to her own and her companion's noses so offensively that it was with great difficulty that their lives were saved.

When the Empress of Austria goes hunting, which she does very frequently, she carries a fan attached in a case to her saddle, and fans herself vigorously when opportunity allows. This is set down as an entire novelty.

A New York bachelor makes the pertinent and rather novel suggestion that a "number of thirty women might put themselves in the way of a fortune by opening a shop for mendicant gowns, cloths, sawing on buttons, etc."

The male plaintiff in a Western divorce suit was asked upon taking the stand and previous to being sworn, if he believed in a future life. "I used to," he answered, "but since I was married I've had all the nonsense taken out of me."

An Illinois clergyman has a bad tempered wife. Becoming enraged at him, she cut his Sunday coat, vest and shirt into shreds, and then tried to further use the knife on his body. He concluded that forbearance would no longer be a virtue, and had her arrested.

A Boston lawyer said: "And here I take occasion to remark that invariably, if a woman wears a large landed estate, she is sure to get married from time to time, as often as death affords an opportunity, thus making great embarrassments in tracing titles."

An elderly lady said her husband was very fond of peaches, and that was his only fault. "Fruit, indeed?" said one, "how can you call that a fault?" "Why, because there are different ways of eating them, sir. My husband takes them in the form of brandy."

A woman can keep secrets. A city girl, on a friend's promising solemnly not to tell, told that she was going to have four new dresses, costing \$10 each. The friend religiously kept her promise not to tell, and the first mentioned young lady doesn't speak to her now.

The Empress Josephine changed her linen three times a day and never wore any stockings that were not new. Huge baskets were brought to her containing dresses, shawls and hats. From these she selected her costume for the day. She possessed between three and four hundred shawls.

Josephine says his wife is a "queer thing," though a perfect specimen of femininity. The other day he went shopping with her, and to save a penny in the purchase of two yards of tape, she visited seventeen stores, spent seven hours, got tired and rode home without purchasing.

Russian ladies, it is said, always wear in winter or next the skin, as in consequence of the late cold ordinary merino or flannel is sufficient. Lynx is most frequently used, and every young Russian bride has one or two undergarments in this fur, and then is considered set up in life.

A newspaper article says: "What are the causes of decline among American women?" Well, generally because she thinks the fellow cannot keep her in sealskin socks, French gown, and fashionable bonnets. When a single man with plenty of "soap" is around, there is not any decline among American women to speak of.

A Chicago domestic servant, being threatened with arrest on a charge of stealing \$7 from her mistress, declared herself guilty. She was thereupon forgiven and retained in employment. That night she took poison, and just before her death solemnly protested that she was innocent, having made a false confession to save herself from imprisonment.

They tell the story about a man who called upon a respectable widow of his acquaintance and said: "Madam, I'm looking for a wife. I don't think you'd hardly do, but I didn't know but you might think of somebody that would." The bewildered man was forgotten what the widow said, but has the impression that a tornado struck the town about that time.

The English census takers had some practical jokes played upon them. In a number of cases in London the husband returned the wife as the head of the family and himself as an idiot to marry her. "Married, and I'm heartily sorry for it," was returned in two cases. To put "temper" under the head of infirmities opposite the name of the wife was a frequent joke. Great persuasion was necessary to induce the ladies to state their ages.

Rural Notes.

Knoxville boasts a woman with a beard 14 inches long.

In Britain blind people are admitted free to all concerts.

A York county cat is maternally raising a young squirrel.

Tan-colored undress kids are worn with white costumes.

Soot and gold are the admired combination this summer.

White and pale pink bonnets are most worn at receptions.

A Connecticut man has invented a pipe that will light itself.

Trained skirts are worn only by married or matronly women.

Italian brigands come in immigrant ships in not inconsiderable numbers.

Milais, the English painter, has orders ahead for \$100,000 worth of portraits.

The latest idiot who handled a pistol carelessly succeeded in shooting his father.

The organ was invented about 951, the first being erected in Winchester Cathedral.

A horse in Illinois, unused to the sight of a locomotive, stopped, trembled, and dropped dead.

A fasting girl in England has stopped fasting on being threatened with a lunatic asylum.

Pure honey will always crystallize, while honey containing glucose will remain in a liquid state.

One hundred and one persons died of starvation in the metropolitan district of London last year.

An Omaha undertaker, finding business slack, has leased a beer garden, and expects an improvement.

Thousands of brakemen are killed in the United States every year for want of a safe car-coupling invention.

A Minneapolis thief stole the pens displayed in front of a tin-shop, and sold them to the proprietor inside.

The English Earl of Shrewsbury was soundly flogged recently for running away with another man's wife.

Messrs. Moody and Sankey are strongly urged to go to Germany and preach the Gospel, through interpreters.

A horse seized a little girl with its teeth, in Illinois, carried her a veral block, and then tramped on her to death.

New English gloves of delicate hued silk are almost transparent, a owing a faint color of the hand through the glove.

A writer in the London *Queen* says that for the majority of people instrumental music is simply a cover for conversation.

Paris has a market for cigar-stumps. In the wine saloons in one locality are half a dozen dealers who do a thriving business.

A historic chateau was lately sent stone by stone to Paris from one of the provinces, and sold there. The transport was \$12,000.

Miss Uri has just adopted a marriage license. The State has heretofore been a Green State for lovers in Iowa and Illinois.

The experiment of placing calcium lights on trucks of the fire department in Boston has been tried with decidedly satisfactory results.

A Cincinnati milliner is suing for breach of promise a wealthy admirer of fifty, who pleads the objection of his parents to the match.

Spiders, turtles, bats, crabs, birds-claws, and Brazilian beetles appear in gold, enamelled steel, and jet among millinery ornaments.

A principal of a Cincinnati school married one of his pupils and within three days so far forgot their "managed relationship as to whip her."

A little Illinois boy's boots were too big for him. His brother proposed to chop off the ends. The plan was tried on one foot, with a loss of three toes.

A gentleman in New York has rented a vacant lot near his residence, fenced it in, and fitted it up as a playground for the boys of the neighborhood.

A colony of eighty-four persons in Minnesota is composed of one woman and her children, a husband, and great grandchildren, all with their husbands and wives.

After thirty years' absence a Massachusetts man came home the other day and his first business was to kick over a tombstone erected to his memory many years before.

The Swiss canton of Schaffhausen has followed the example of Germany in prohibiting a law that no boy under fifteen shall be allowed to use tobacco either in the streets or at home.

The Russian government has ordered that all railway passenger trains shall be stocked with tea, sugar and bread, so that passengers may not be compelled to go hungry in case of a snow blockade.

The Mayor of Baltimore has a habit of taking early morning walks about the city, which are productive of good results, and have resulted in ousting many lastly-disposed employees from the city's payroll.

A resident of Maryland while being shaved in a Baltimore barber's recently, and dived jumped from the chair, thinking that his head was running away, and had his nose nearly cut off by the razor in the hand of the barber.

An Indiana man was so affected by his wife's desertion of him, that he tried to throw himself on a locomotive, but was prevented. He then put a large board in, and when it was well-blessed, walked in, and was burned to a cinder.

A number of Michigan families missed their boys, ranging in age from eight to twelve, and, after a sea of sorrow at days, found them in camp. They had started for the Rocky Mountains to gather by hunting, and incidentally to kill Indians.

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| 3-Clarinella. | 12-Harp Eoline. | 21-Coupler Harmonique. |
| 4-Manual Sub-Bass. | 13-Vox Humana. | 22-Orchestral Forte. |
| 5-Bourdon. | 14-Echo. | 23-Grand Organ Knee Stop. |
| 6-Saxophone. | 15-Dulciana. | 24-Right Knee Stop. |
| 7-Viol di Gamba. | 16-Clarinella. | 25-Automatic Valve Stop. |
| 8-Diapason. | 17-Vox Celeste. | 26-Right Duplex Damper. |
| 9-Viola Dolce. | 18-Violina. | 27-Left Duplex Damper. |

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An Illinois editor who keeps a memorandum of the thrashings he received at the hands of his subscribers, used always to refer to it as his club list.

In reply to the question, "What are the wild waves saying?" we would suggest that it must be, "Come and see us next summer, and don't forget that we charge \$9.00 a week for board."

A man riding through a certain town one day, met an awkward fellow leading a hog whom he accosted in the following manner: "How odd it looks to see one hog lead another!" "Yes," replied the chap, "but not so odd as it does to see a hog ride on horseback."

When an old backwoodsman was about to take his first ride on a Mississippi steamer, he was asked whether he would take deck or cabin passage. "Well," said he, in a resigned sort of way, "I've lived all my life in a cabin, and I guess a cabin passage will be good enough for one like me."

Habitual testiveness

is the bane of nearly every American woman. From it usually arises those disorders that so surely undermine their health and strength. Every woman owes it to herself and to her family to use that celebrated medicine, KIDNEY-WORT. It is the sure remedy for constipation, and for all disorders of the kidneys and liver. Try it in liquid or dry form. Equally efficient in either.—Boston Sunday Budget.

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FASHION NOTES.

A popular style of trimming now in use is formed by cutting the edge of overshirts, pants, basques, and polonaises in points, scallops, shells, vandykes, etc. These points, especially in soft summer goods, require to be supported by puffs, platings, or flouncings.

In China ribbon work on ivory or old gold satin are some very elegant designs, especially one for a photograph-frame, of forget-me-nots and other appropriate flowers, which in its quaint brightness recalls the old brodered rames; and the peacocks' feathers on old-rod satin sheeting, for borders and chair-backs, are almost like nature itself.

To keep meat in warm weather, it should be rubbed over with salad oil, or very olive oil, and filled with ginger. Meat that is intended for roasting or frying can be much better preserved by this means than with salt. Cakes or chops which, when cut off, always keep badly should be dipped into warm butter, or even dripping, if oil is not forthcoming, and then hung up until wanted. Of course the object in these cases is to exclude the air. It is well known that mutton or venison, when cold, in cold weather, be hung four or five days in a place not subject to changes of temperature. In summer when meat comes from the butcher's, wash it over with vinegar if not going to be used the same day.

[illegible]